10d

# THE Humorous Lieutenant,

OR,

# Generous Enemies,

A

# COMEDY:

As it is now ACTED by

## His Majesties Servants,

AT THE

*Theatre-Royal* in *Drury-Lane.*

---

*LONDON,*

Printed for *H. N.* and Sold by *William Chandler* at the *Peacock* in the *Poultry*, and *Ralph Smith*, at the *Bible* under the *Piazza* of the *Royal-Exchange* in *Cornhill.* 1697. 10. Sept.

Collated & Perfect. J.D.K. 1798.

UMI

# ACTORS NAMES.

MEN.

Mr. *Harland*, King *Antigonus*, An Old Man with Young Desires.
Mr. *Cibber*. *Demetrius*, Son to *Antigonus*, in Love with *Celia*.
Mr. *Simpson*, *Seleucus*,
Mr. *Disney*, *Charinthus*, } 3 *Kings*, Equal Sharers with *Antigonus*, of what
Mr. *Rogers*, *Menippus*, } *Alexander* had, with United Powers opposing *Antigonus*.
Mr. *Mills*, *Leontius*, A brave Old Merry Souldier, Assistant to *Demetrius*.

Mr. *Fairbank*, *Timon*,
Mr. *Essex*, *Charinthus*, } *Servants* to *Antigonus*, and his Vices.
Mr. *Provost*. *Menippus*,

Mr. *Pinkeithman*, The *Humorous Lieutenant*.
*Gentlemen*, *Friends* and *Followers* of *Demetrius*.
3 *Ambassadors* from the 3 *Kings*.
*Gentlemen Ushers*.
*Grooms*. *Musicians*.
*Citt's*. *Souldiers*.
*Physicians*.
*Herald*. *Host*.

WOMEN.

Mrs. *Verbruggen*. *Celia*, alias *Evanthe*, Daughter to *Seleucus*, Mistriss to *Demetrius*.

Mrs. *Bullock*. *Leucippe* a Baud, Agent to the King's Lust.

*Ladys*. *Citt's Wives*.

Mrs. *Powell*. Governess to *Celia*.

A *Country Woman*.

*Phebe* her Daughter.

*PLAYS*

# *PLAYS* Sold by *William Chandler*, and *Ralph Smith.*

*VEry Good Wife.*
*Canterbury Gueſts.*
*Loſt Lover.*
*Brutus* of *Alba*
Sir *Courtly Nice.*
*Lancaſhire Witches.*
*Paſtor Fido.*
*Country Wit.*
*Aſſignation*, or *Love in a Nunnery.*
*City Politicks.*
*Debauchee.*
*Villain.*
*Theodoſius.*
Sir *Anthony Love*, or the *Rambling Lady.*
*Humerous Lady.*
*Diſappointment.*
*Fond Husband.*
*Woman Captain.*
*Woman turn'd Bully.*
*Rival Ladies.*
*Wives Excuſe.*
*Bury Fair.*
*Sacrifice.*
*Traytor.*
*Virtue Betray'd.*
*Wild Galant.*
*Squire* of *Alſatia.*
*Devil* of a *Wife.*
*Rovers*, by Mrs. *Behn.*
*Plain Dealer.*
*Abdelazer*, or *Moor's Revenge.*
*All for Love.*
*Fortune Hunters.*
*Don Quixot.*
*Venice Preſerv'd.*
*Cuckolds.*
*Queen.*
*Tempeſt.*
*Virtuoſo.*
*Engliſh Lawyer.*
*Miſer.*
*Lucius Junius Brutus*
*Timon* of *Athens.*
*Marriage-hater Matcht.*
*Hamlet* Prince of *Denmark.*
*Old Batchelour.*
*Regulus.*
*Volunteers*, or *Stockjobbers.*
*Intriegues* of *Verſailles.*
*Friendſhip in Faſhion.*
*Provok'd VVife.*
*Falſe Count.*
*VVorld* in the *Moon.*
*Orphan.*
*Sophonisba.*
*Country VVife.*
*She VVou'd if She Cou'd.*
*Humouriſt.*
*Spaniſh VVives.*
*Royal Shepherds.*
*Anthony* and *Cleopatra.*
*Rule a VVife and have a VVife.*
*City Lady.*
*Mithridates* King of *Pontus.*
*Titus Andronicus.*
*Titus and Berenice.*
*Empreſs* of *Morocco.*
*VViddow Ranter.*
*Relapſe.*
*Love's a Jeſt.*
*Country Wake.*
*Love for Money.*
*Cyrus the Great.*
*Pyrrhus* King of *Epirus.*
*Agnes de Caſtro.*
*VVomans VVit.*
*She Gallants.*
*Oedipus.*
*Ibrahim* the 13th, *Emperor* of the *Turks.*

THE

# THE
# *HUMOROUS LIEUTENANT.*

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter* 2 Ushers, *and* Groomes *with Perfumes.*

1 *Vsh.* ROund, round, perfume it round, quick, look ye diligently the state be right; Are these the Richest Cushions? Fie, fie, who waits i'th' Wardrobe?

2 *Vsh.* But pray tell me, do you think for certain these Ambassadors shall have this morning Audience?

1 *Vsh.* They shall have it: Lord, that you live at Court and understand not? I tell you they must have it.

2 *Vsh.* Upon what necessity?

1 *Vsh.* Still you are Ignorant of the Trick of Court, sell your Place.

*Enter* Ladies *and* Gentlemen.

And Sow your Grounds, you are not for this Tillage. Ladies, the best way is the upper Lodgings, there you may see at ease.

*Ladies.* We thank you, Sir. *Exeunt* Ladies *and* Gentlemen.

1 *Vsh.* Would you have all these slighted? Who should report then the Embassadors were handsome Men? his Beard a neat one? the fire of his eyes quicker then Lightning, and when it breaks, as blasting? his Legs, tho little ones, yet movers of a Mass of Understanding? Who shall commend their Clothes: who shall take notice of the most wise behaviour of their Feathers? ye live a raw Man here.

2 *Vsh.* I think I do so.

*Enter* 2 Citizens, *and* Wives.

1 *Vsh.* Why, whether would you all press?

1 *Cit.* Good Master *Vsher.*

2 *Cit.* My Wife, and some few of my honest Neighbours here.

1 *Vsh.* Prethee be gone thou and thy honest Neighbours, thou look'st like an Ass; why, Whether would you Fish-Face?

2 *Cit.* If I might have the honour to see you at my poor House, Sir, a Capon bridled, and sadl'd I'll assure your Worship, a Shoulder of Mutton, and a Bottle of Wine Sir; I know your Brother, he was as like ye, and shot the best at Buts———

1 *Vsh.* A---upon thee.

2 *Cit.* Some Musick I'll assure you too, my Toy, Sir, can play o'th' Virginals.

1 *Uſh.* Prethee good Toy take away thy Shoulder of Mutton, it is Flie-blown, and Shoulder, take thy Flap along, here's no place for ye; nay then you had beſt knock'd. *Ex.* Cit.

*Enter* Celia.

*Cel.* I wou'd fain ſee him
The glory of this place, makes me remember,
But dye thoſe thoughts, dye all but my deſires,
Even thoſe to death are ſick too; he's not here,
Nor how my eyes may guide me----

1 *Uſh.* What's your buſineſs? who keeps the outward door there? here's fine ſhufling, you waſtcoateer you muſt go back.

*Cel.* There is not,
There cannot be, ſix days and never ſee me?
There muſt not be deſire; Sir, Do you think
That if you had a Miſtris———

1 *Uſh.* Death, ſhe is Mad.

*Cel.* And were your ſelf an honeſt Man? it cannot———

1 *Uſh.* What a Devil haſt thou to do with me or my honeſty? Will you be jogging, good nimble Tongue? my fellow Door-keeper?

2 *Uſh.* Prethee let her alone.

1 *Uſh.* The King is coming, and ſhall we have an Agent from the Suburbs come to crave Audience too?

*Cel.* Before I thought ye
To have a little Breeding, ſome tang of Gentry;
But now I take ye plainly,
Without the help of any Perſpective,
For that ye cannot alter.

1. *Uſh.* What's that?

*Cel.* An Aſs, Sir, you Bray as like one,
And by my Troth, methinks, as ye ſtand now,
Conſidering who to kick next, you appear to me
Juſt with that kind of Gravity, and Wiſdom;
Your Place may bear the Name of Gentleman,
But if any of that Butter ſtick to your Bread——

2 *Uſh.* You muſt be modeſter.

*Cel.* Let him uſe me nobler,
And wear good Clothes to do good Offices;
They hang upon a Fellow of his Vertue,
As tho they hung on Gibbets.

2 *Uſh.* A parlous Wench.

1 *Uſh.* Thruſt her into a corner, I'll no more on her.

2 *Uſh.* You have enough, go pretty Maid, ſtand cloſe, and uſe that little Tongue with a little more temper.

*Cel.* I thank ye, Sir.

2 *Uſh.* When the Shews are paſt, I'll have ye into the Cellar, there wee'l Dine, a very pretty Wench, a witty Rogue, and there wee'l be as merry, Can ye be Merry

*Cel.* O

*Cel.* O very merry.

2 *Uſh.* Only our ſelves; this churliſh fellow ſhall not know.

*Cel.* By no means.

2. *Uſh.* And can you love a little?

*Cel.* Love exceedingly:
I have cauſe to love you dear ſir.

2 *Uſh.* Then I'll carry ye, and ſhew you all the Pictures, and the Hangings, the Lodgings, Gardens, and the Walks: and then (ſweet) you ſhall tell me where you lye.

*Cel.* Yes marry will I.

2 *Uſh.* And't ſhall go hard but I'll ſend ye a Veniſon Paſty, and a Bottle of Wine.

1 *Uſh.* Make room there.

2 *Uſh.* Room there afore, ſtand cloſe, the Train is coming.

*Enter* King Antigonous, Tymon, Charinthus, Menippus.

*Cel.* Have I yet left a Beauty to Catch Fools?
Yet, yet, I ſee him not, O what a miſery
Is love, expected long, deluded longer!

*Ant.* Conduct in the Embaſſadors.

1 *Uſh.* Make room there.

*Ant.* They ſhall not wait long Anſwer——

*Cel.* Yet he comes not.

*Enter Three* Embaſſadors.

Why are Eyes ſet on theſe, and Multitudes
Follow to make theſe Wonders? O good gods!
What would theſe look like if my Love were here?
But I am fond, forgetful.

*Ant.* Now your grievance,
Speak ſhort, and have as ſhort diſpatch.

1 *Em.* Then thus, Sir:
In all our Royal Maſters names, We tell you
Ye have done Injuſtice, broke the bonds of Concord,
And from their equal ſhares from *Alexander*
Parted, and ſo poſſeſs'd, not like a Brother,
But as an open Enemy, Ye have hedged in
Whole Provinces, Man'd and maintain'd theſe Injuries;
And daily with your Sword (though they ſtill honour ye)
Make bloody Roades, take Towns, and ruin Caſtles,
And ſtill their ſufferance feels the weight.

2 *Em.* Think of that Love, Great Sir, that honour'd Friendſhip
Your ſelf hold with our Maſters, think of that ſtrength
When you were all one Body, all one Mind;
When all your Swords ſtrook one way, when your Angers,
Like ſo many brother billows roſe together,
And curling up your foaming creſts, defy'd
Even Mighty Kings, and in their falls, entomb'd 'em;

O think of theſe; and you that have been Conquerors,
That ever led your Fortunes open ey'd,
Chain'd faſt by confidence; you that Fame courted,
Now ye want Enemies and Men to match ye;
Let not your own Swords ſeek your ends to ſhame ye.

*Enter* Demetrius *with a Javelin, and* Gentlemen.

3 *Em.* Chooſe which you will, or Peace or War,
We come prepar'd for either.

1 *Uſh.* Room for the Prince there.

*Cel.* Was it the Prince they ſaid! how my heart trembl'd!
'Tis he indeed; What a ſweet noble fierceneſs
Dwels in his eyes? young *Meleager* like,
When he return'd from ſlaughter of the Boar,
Crown'd with the loves and honours of the People,
With all the gallant youth of *Greece*, he looks now,
Who could deny him Love?

*Dem.* Hail Royal Father.

*Ant.* Ye are welcome from your Sport; Sir, Do you ſee this,
You that bring Thunders in your mouths, and Earthquakes Gentlemen,
To ſhake and totter my Deſigns? Can you imagine
(You Men of poor and common apprehenſions)
Whilſt I admit this Man, my Son, this nature
That in one look carries more fire, and fierceneſs,
Then all your Maſters in their lives: dare I admit him,
Admit him thus, even to my ſide, my Boſome,
When he is fit to rule, when all Men cry him,
And all hopes hang about his head; thus place him,
His Weapon hatch't in blood, all theſe attending
When he ſhall make their fortunes, all as ſudden
In any Expedition he ſhall 'point 'em,
As Arrows from a *Tartar*'s Bow, and ſpeeding,
Dare I do this, and fear an Enemy?
Fear your great Maſter? yours? or yours?

*Dem.* O *Hercules*,
Who ſayes you do Sir? Is there any thing
In theſe mens Faces, or their Maſters actions
Able to work ſuch wonders?

*Cel.* Now a' ſpeakes:
O I could dwell upon that Tongue for ever.

*Dem.* You call 'em Kings, they never wore thoſe Royalties
Nor in the progreſs of their Lives ariv'd yet
At any thought of King: Emperial Dignities,
And powerful God-like actions fit for Princes,
They can no more put on, and make 'em ſit right,
Then I can with this Mortal hand hold Heaven:
Poor petty Men, nor have I yet forgot

The-

The chiefeſt honours time, and merit gave 'em:
*Lyſimachus* your Maſter, at his beſt,
His higheſt, and his hopefull'ſt dignities
Was but Grand maſter of the *Elephants*;
*Seleucus* of the Treaſure; and for *Ptolomy*,
A thing not thought on then, ſcarce heard of yet,
Some Maſter of Amunition: and muſt theſe Men——
*Cel.* What a brave confidence flowes from his ſpirit?
O ſweet young Man!
*Dem.* Muſt theſe hold pace with us,
And on the ſame Field hang their Memories?
Muſt theſe examine what the Wills of Kings are?
Preſcribe to their deſigns, and chain their Actions
To their Reſtraints? be Friends, and Foes when they pleaſe?
Send out their Thunders, and their Menaces,
As if the fate of Mortal things were theirs?
Go home, good Men, and tell your Maſters from us,
We do 'em too much honour to force from 'em
Their barren Countries, ruin their vaſt Cities,
And tell 'em, out of Love, we mean to leave 'em
(Since they will needs be Kings) no more to tread on,
Then they have able Wits, and Powers to manage,
And ſo we ſhall befriend 'em: Ha? What does ſhe there?
*Emb.* This is your Anſwer, King.
*Ant.* 'Tis like to prove ſo.
*Dem.* Fie, Sweet, What make you here?
*Cel.* Pray ye do not Chide me.
*Dem.* You do your ſelf much wrong, and me.
*Cel.* Pray you pardon me,
I feel my fault, which only was committed
Through my dear love to you: I have not ſeen ye,
And how can I live then? I have not ſpoken to ye——
*Dem.* I know this Week ye have not; I will redeem all.
You are ſo tender now: think where you are, Sweet.
*Cel.* What other light have I left?
*Dem.* Prethee *Celia*,
Indeed, I'll ſee ye preſently.
*Cel.* I have done, Sir:
You will not miſs?
*Dem.* By this, and this, I will not.
*Cel.* 'Tis in your will: and I muſt be obedient.
*Dem.* No more of theſe Aſſemblies.
*Cel.* I am commanded.
1 *Uſh.* Room for the Lady there: Madam, my Service——
1 *Gent.* My Coach and't pleaſe you, Lady.
2 *Uſh.* Room before there.

2 *Gent.*

2 *Gent.* The honour, Madam, but to wait upon you——
*Cel.* My Servants, and my State:
Lord, how they flock now?
Before I was affraid they would have beat me;
How theſe flies play i'th Sunſhine? pray ye no ſervices,
Or if ye needs muſt play the hobby horſes,
Seek out ſome beauty that affects 'em: farewell,
Nay pray ye ſpare: Gentlemen I am old enough
To go alone at theſe years, without Crutches. *Exit.*
2. *Uſh.* Well, I could curſe now: but that will not help me, I made as ſure account of this Wench now, immediately, Do but conſider how the devil has croſt me, Meat for my Maſter ſhe cries, well——
3 *Em.* Once more ſir,
We aske your reſolutions: peace or war yet?
*Dem.* War, war, my noble father.
1 *Em.* Thus I fling it:
And fair ey'd peace, farewell.
*Ant.* You have your anſwer;
Conduct out the Embaſſadours, and give 'em convoies.
*Dem,* Tell your high hearted Maſters, they ſhall not ſeek us,
Nor cool i'th' field in expectation of us,
We'l eaſe your men thoſe marches: In their ſtrengths,
And full abilities of mind and courage,
We'l find 'em out, and at their beſt trim buckle with 'em.
3 *Em.* You will find ſo hot a Souldiers welcome ſir,
Your favor ſhall not freeze,
2 *Em.* A forward Gentleman,
Pitty the wars ſhould bruſe ſuch hopes——
*Ant.* Conduct 'em-- *Ex- Em.*
Now, For this preparation: where's *Leontius*?
Call him in preſently: for I mean in perſon Gentlemen
My ſelf, with my old fortune——
*Dem.* Royal ſir:
Thus low I beg this honour: fame already
Hath every where rais'd trophies to your glory,
And conqueſt now grown old, and weak with following
The weary marches, and the bloody ſhockes
You daily ſet her in: 'tis now ſcarce honour
For you that never knew to fight, but conquer,
To ſparkle ſuch poor people: the royal Eagle
When ſhe hath tri'd her young ones 'gainſt the Sun,
And found 'em right; next teacheth 'them to prey,
How to command on wing, and check below her
Even birds of noble plume; I am your own Sir,
You have found my ſpirit, try it now, and teach it,
To ſtoop whole kingdoms: leave a little for me;

Let

Let not your glory be ſo greedy ſir,
To eat up all my hopes; you gave me life,
If to that life you add not what's more laſting,
A noble name, for man you have made a ſhadow;
Bleſs me this day: bid me go on, and lead,
Bid me go on, no leſs fear'd, then *Antigonus*,
And to my maiden ſword, tye faſt your fortune;
I know 'twill fight it ſelf then: dear ſir honour me:
Never fair virgin long'd ſo.

*Ant.* Riſe, and command then,
And be as fortunate as I expect ye:
I love that noble will; your young companions
Bred up and foſter'd with ye, I hope *Demetrius*,

Enter *Leon.*

You will make ſouldiers too: they muſt not leave ye.

2 *Gent.* Never till life leave us ſir.

*Ant.* O *Leontius*,
Here's work for you in hand.

*Leon.* I am ev'n right glad ſir.
For by my troth, I am now grown old with idleneſs;
I hear we ſhall abroad Sir.

*Ant.* Yes, and preſently,
But who thinks you commands now?

*Leon.* Who commands Sir?
Methinks my eye ſhould guide me: can there be
(If you your ſelf will ſpare him ſo much honour)
Any found out to lead before your armies,
So full of faith, and fire as brave *Demetrius*?
King *Philips* Son, at his years was an old Souldier,
'Tis time his fortune be a wing, high time Sir,
So many idle houres, as here he loyters,
So many ever-dying names he loſes,
I hope 'tis he.

*Ant.* 'Tis he indeed, and nobly
He ſhall ſet forward: draw you all thoſe Garriſons
Upon the frontiers as you paſs: to thoſe
Joyne theſe in pay at home, our ancient ſouldiers,
And as you go preſs all the Provinces.

*Leo.* We ſhall not need;
Believe this hopeful Gentleman
Can want no ſwords, nor honeſt hearts to follow him,
We ſhall be full, no fear Sir.

*Ant.* You *Leontius*,
Becauſe you are an old, and faithful ſervant,
And know the wars, with all its vantages,
Be near to his inſtructions, leſt his youth

Loſe

Loſe valours beſt companion, ſtaid diſcretion,
Shew where to lead, to lodge, to charge with ſafetie;
In execution not to break nor ſcatter,
But with a provdent anger, follow nobly:
Not covetous of blood, and death, but honour,
Be ever near his watches; cheer his labours,
And where his hope ſtands faire, provoke his valour;
Love him, and think it no diſhonour (my *Demetrius*)
To wear this Jewel near thee; he is a tri'd one,
And one that even in ſpight of time, that ſunk him,
And froſted up his ſtrength, will yet ſtand by thee.
And with the proudeſt of thine enemyes
Exchange for blood, and bravely: take his counſel.

*Leo.* Your grace hath made me young again, and wanton.

*Ant.* She muſt be known and ſuddenly; when you have done
Come in and take your leave Sir, and ſome few
Prayers along.

*Ant.* Do ye know her?

*Char.* No, believe Sir.

*Ant.* Did you obſerve her *Tymon*?

*Tym.* I look'd on her,
But what ſhe is —

*Ant.* I muſt have that found.

*Tym.* Well Sir.

*Dem.* I know my duty, *Exit. Ant.*
You ſhall be half my father.

*Leo.* All your Servant:
Come Gentlemen, you are reſolv'd I am ſure
To ſee theſe wars.

1 *Gent.* We dare not leave his fortunes,
Though moſt aſſured death hung round about us.

*Leo.* That Bargain's yet to make;
Be not too haſty, when ye Face the Enemy,
Nor too ambitious to get honour inſtantly,
But Charge within your Bounds, and keep cloſe Bodies,
And you ſhall ſee what ſport we'll make theſe Mad-caps;
You ſhall have Game enough, I warrant ye,
Every Man's Cock ſhall Fight.

*Dem.* I muſt go ſee, Sir:
Brave Sir, as ſoon as I have taken leave,
I'll meet you in the Park;
Draw the Men thither,
Wait you upon *Leonitus*.

*Gent.* We'll attend Sir.

*Lie.* But I beſeech your Grace, with ſpeed; the ſooner
We are i'th' Field——

*Dem.* You

*Dem.* You could not pleaſe me better. *Exit.*

*Leo.* You never ſaw the wars yet?

*Gent.* Not yet Collonel.

*Leo.* Theſe fooliſh Miſtreſſes do ſo hang about ye,
So whimper, and ſo hug, I know it Gentlemen,
And ſo intice ye, now ye are i'th' bud;
And that ſweet tilting war, with eyes and kiſſes,
Th' allarums of ſoft vowes, and ſighes, and fiddle faddles,
Spoiles all our trade: You muſt forget theſe knick knacks,
A woman at ſome time of the year, I grant ye
She is neceſſary; but make no buſſineſs of her;
How now Lieutenant?

*Enter* Lientenant.

*Lieu.* Oh Sir, as ill as ever;
We ſhall have Wars they ſay; they are Muſtering yonder:
Would we were at it once: fie, how it plagues me.

*Le.* Here's one has ſerved now under Captain *Cupid*,
And crack't a Pike in's youth: you ſee what's come on't.

*Lieu.* No, my Diſeaſe will never prove ſo honourable.

*Le.* Why ſure thou haſt the beſt Pox.

*Lieu.* If I have 'em,
I am ſure I got 'em in the beſt Company;
They are Pox of thirty Coates.

*Le.* Thou haſt mew'd 'em finely:
Here's a ſtrange fellow now, and a brave Fellow,
If we may ſay ſo of a Pockie Fellow,
(Which I believe we may) this poor Lieutenant;
Whether he have the Scratches, or the Scabs,
Or what a Devil it be, I'll ſay this for him,
There fights no braver Soldier under Sun, Gentlemen;
Show him an Enemy, his Paine's forgot ſtraight;
And where other Men, by Beds and Bathes have eaſe,
And eaſie Rules of Phyſick, ſet him in a danger,
A danger, that's a fearful one indeed,
Ye rock him, and he will ſo play about ye,
Let it be ten to one, he ne'r comes off again;
Ye have his heart: and then he works it bravely,
And throughly bravely: not a Pang remembred:
I have ſeen him do ſuch things, belief would ſhrink at.

*Gent.* 'Tis ſtrange he ſhould do all this, and Diſeas'd ſo.

*Leo.* I am ſure 'tis true: Lieutenant, canſt thou drink well?

*Lieu.* Would I were drunk, Dog-drunk, I might not feel this.

*Gent.* I would take Phyſick.

*Lieu.* But I would know my Diſeaſe firſt.

*Leon.* Why? it may be the Collick: Canſt thou blow backward?

*Lieu.* There's never a Bag-pipe in the Kingdom better.

*Gent.* Is't not a Pleurisie?
*Lieu.* 'Tis any thing.
That has the Devil, and Death in't: Will ye March Gentlemen?
The Prince has taken leave.
*Leo.* How know ye that?
*Lie.* I saw him leave the Court, dispatch his Followers, and met him after in a bye-street: I think he has some Wench, or such a Toy, to lick over before he go: would I had such another to draw this foolish Pain down.
*Leo.* Let's away Gentlemen,
The Prince will stay on us.
*Gent.* Wee'l attend, Sir. *Exeunt.*

Scæne 2. *Enter* Demetrius, *and* Celia.

*Cel.* Must ye needs go?
*Dem.* Or stay with all dishonour.
*Cel.* Are there not Men enough to Fight?
*Dem.* Fie *Celia*,
This ill becomes the noble love you bear me;
Would you have your Love a Coward?
*Cel.* No; believe Sir,
I would have him fight, but not so far off from me.
*Dem.* Wouldst have it thus? or thus?
*Cel.* If that be fighting——
*Dem.* Ye Wanton Fool: when I come home again
I'll fight with thee, at thine own Weapon, *Celia*,
And conquer thee too.
*Cel.* That you have done already,
You need no other Armes to me, but these Sir;
But will you fight your self Sir?
*Dem.* Thus deep in Blood Dear,
And through the thickest rankes of Pikes.
*Cel.* Spur bravely,
Your firie Courser, beat the Troops before ye,
And cramb the mouth of Death with Executions.
*Dem.* I would do more then these: But prithee tell me,
Tell me, my Faire, Where got'st thou this Male Spirit?
I wonder at thy Mind.
*Cel.* Were I a Man, you would wonder more.
*Dem.* Sure thou wouldst prove a Soldier, and some great Leader.
*Cel.* Sure I should do somewhat;
And the first thing I did, I should grow envious,
Extreamly envious of your Youth, and Honour.
*Dem.* And fight against me?
*Cel.* Ten to one, *I* should do it.
*Dem.* Thou wouldst not hurt me?
*Cel.* In this Mind *I* am in,

*I* think

*I* think I ſhould be hardly brought to ſtrike ye,
Unleſs 'twere thus; but in my Mans mind——
*Dem.* What?
*Cel.* *I* ſhould be Friends with ye too, now *I* think better.
*Dem.* Ye are a tall Soldier: Here, take theſe, and theſe; this Gold to furniſh ye, and keep this Bracelet; Why do you weep now? You a Maſculine Spirit?
*Cel.* No, *I* confeſs, *I* am a Fool, a VVoman:
And ever when I part with you——
*Dem.* You ſhall not,
Theſe tears are like prodigious ſigns, my ſweet one,
*I* ſhall come back, loden with fame, to honour thee.
*Cel.* *I* hope you ſhall:
But then my dear *Demetrius*,
VVhen you ſtand Conquerour, and at your Mercy
All People bow, and all things waite your ſentence;
Say then your eye (ſurveying all your conqueſt)
Finds out a Beauty, even in ſorrow excellent,
A conſtant face, that in the midſt of ruine
VVith a forc'd ſmile, both ſcornes at Fate, and Fortune:
Say you find ſuch a one, ſo nobly fortify'd,
And in her figure, all the ſweets of Nature?
*Dem.* Prithee, no more of this, *I* cannot find her.
*Cel.* That ſhews as far beyond my with er'd beaty;
And will run Mad to love ye too.
*Dem.* Do ye fear me,
And do you think, beſides this Face, this Beauty,
This Heart, where all my hopes are lock'd——
*Cel.* *I* dare not:
No ſure, *I* think ye honeſt; wondrous honeſt.
Pray do not Frown, *I* Swear ye are.
*Dem.* Ye may chooſe.
*Cel.* But how long will ye be away?
*Dem.* *I* know not.
*Cel.* *I* know you are angry now: pray look upon me:
I'll ask no more ſuch Queſtions.
*Dem.* The Drum beats,
*I* can no longer ſtay.
*Cel.* They do but Call yet:
How fain you would leave my Company.
*Dem.* *I* wou'd not,
Unleſs a greater Power then Love Commanded,
Commands my Life, mine Honour.
*Cel.* But a little.
*Dem.* Prithee farewell, and be not doubtful of me.
*Cel.* *I* would not have ye hurt: and ye are ſo ventrous—

But good ſweet Prince preſerve your ſelf, Fight nobly,
But do not thruſt his Body; 'tis not yours now,
'Tis mine, 'tis onely mine: do not ſeek wounds, Sir,
For every drop of Blood you bleed——

*Dem.* *I* will, *Celia*, *I* will be careful.

*Cel.* My heart that loves ye dearly.

*Dem.* Prithee no more, we muſt part:
Hark, they March now. *Drums a March.*

*Cel.* Fye on theſe Bawling Drums: I am ſure you'll kiſs me,
But one Kiſs? What a Parting's this?

*Dem.* Here, take me,
And do what thou wilt with me, ſmother me;
But ſtill remember, if your Fooling with me,
Make me forget the truſt——

*Cel.* *I* have done. farewell Sir,
Never look back, you ſhall not ſtay, not a minute.

*Dem.* *I* muſt have one farewell more.

*Cel.* No, the Drums beat;
*I* dare not ſlack your Honour; not a hand more,
Onely this Look; the gods preſerve, and ſave ye.

---

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Enter* Antigonus, Carynthus, Tymon.

*Ant.* WHat have ye found her out?

*Char.* We have hearkned after her.

*Ant.* What's that to my deſire?

*Char.* Your grace muſt give us time, and a little means.

*Ty.* She is ſure a ſtranger, if ſhe were bred or known here——

*Ant.* Your dull endeavours

*Enter* Menippus.

Should never be employ'd. Welcome *Menippus*.

*Men.* I have found her Sir, I mean the place ſhe is lodg'd in; her name is *Celia*, And much a do I had to purchaſe that too.

*Ant.* Doſt think *Demetrius* loves her?

*Men.* Much I fear it,
Btt nothing that way yet can win for certaine.
I'll tell your grace within this hour.

*Ant.* A ſtranger?

*Men.* Without all doubt.

*Ant.* But how ſhould he come to her?

*Men.* There lies the marrow of the matter hid yet.

*Ant.* Has't thou been with thy wife?

*Men.* No Sir, I am going to her.

*Ant.* Go

*Ant.* Go and diſpatch, and meet me in the Garden,
And get all out ye can. *Exit.*
*Men.* I'll do my beſt Sir. *Exit.*
*Tym.* Bleſt be thy wife, thou wert an arrant Aſſe elſe.
*Char.* I, ſhe is a ſtirring woman indeed: there's a brain, brother.
*Tym.* There's not a handſome wench of any mettle within an hundred miles, but her intelligence reaches her, and out-reaches her, and brings her as confidently to Court, as to a ſanctuary: What had his mouldy brains ever arriv'd at, had not ſhe beaten it out oth' Flint to faſten him? They ſay ſhe keeps an office of Concealements: there is no young wench, let her be a Saint, Unleſs ſhe live ith' Center, but ſhe finds her, and every way prepares addreſſes to her: if my wife would have followed her courſe *Charinthus*, her lucky courſe, I had the day before him: O what might I have been by this time, Brother? But ſhe (forſooth) when I put theſe things to her, theſe things of honeſt thrift, groans, O my conſcience, the load upon my conſcience, when to make us cuckolds, they have no more burthen then a brood-gooſe, brother; but let's do what we can, though this wench fail us, another of a new way will be lookt at: Come, let's abroad, and beat our brains, time may for all his wiſdome, yet give us a day. *Exit.*

Seæne. 2. *Drum within, Allarme. Enter Demetrius and Leoentius.*

*Dem.* I will not ſee 'em fall thus, give me way, Sir,
*I* ſhall forget you love me elſe.
*Leo.* Will ye loſe all?
For me to be forgotten, to be hated,
Nay never to have been a Man, is nothing,
So you, and thoſe we have preſerv'd from ſlaughter
Come ſafely off.
*Dem.* *I* have loſt my ſelf.
*Leo.* You are cozn'd.
*Dem.* Aud am moſt miſerable.
*Leo.* There's no Man ſo, but he that makes himſelf ſo.
*Dem.* *I* will go.
*Leo.* You muſt not: *I* ſhall tell you then,
And tell you true, that Man's unfit to govern,
That cannot guide himſelf: You lead an Army?
That have not ſo much Manly ſuff'rance left ye,
To bear a Loſs?
*Dem.* Charge but once more *Leonitus*,
My Friends and my Companions are engag'd all.
*Leo.* Nay give 'em loſt, *I* ſaw 'em off their Horſes,
And the Enemy Maſter of their Armes; nor could then,
The policy, nor ſtrenth of Man redeem 'em
*Dem.* And ſhall *I* know this, and ſtand fooling?
*Leo.* By my dead Father's Soul you ſtir not, Sir,
Or if you do, you make your way through me firſt.

*Dem.* Thou

*Dem.* Thou art a Coward.

*Leo.* To prevent a Madman.
None but your Father's Son, durſt call me ſo,
'Death if he did——Muſt *I* be ſcandal'd by ye,
That hedg'd in all the helps *I* had to ſave ye?
That, where there was a valiant weapon ſtirring,
Both ſearch'd it out, and ſingl'd it, unedg'd it,
For fear it ſhould bite you, Am *I* a Coward?
Go, get ye up, and tell 'em ye are the King's Son;
Hang all your Ladies Favours on your Creſt,
And let them fight their ſhares; ſpurre to deſtruction,
You cannot miſs the way: be bravely deſperate,
And your young friends before ye, that loſt this battel,
Your honourable friends, that knew no order,
Cry out, *Antigonus*, the old *Antigonus*,
The wiſe and fortunate *Antigonus*,
The great, the valiant, and the fear'd *Antigonus*,
Has ſent a deſperate ſon, without diſcretion
To bury in an hour his age of honour.

*Dem.* I am aſhamed.

*Leo.* 'Tis ten to one, I dye with ye:
The coward will not long be after ye;
I ſcorn to ſay I ſaw ye fall, ſigh for ye,
And tell a whining tale, ſome ten years after
To boys and girles in an old chimney corner,
Of what a Prince we had, how bravely ſpirited;
How young and fair he fell: wee'll all go with ye,
And ye ſhall ſee us all, like ſacrifices
In our beſt trim, fill up the mouth of ruine?
Will this faith ſatisfie your folly? Can this ſhow ye
'Tis not to die we fear, but to die poorly,
To fall, forgotten, in a Multitude?
If you will needs tempt Fortune now ſhe has held ye,
Held ye from ſinking up.

*Dem.* Pray do not kill me,
Theſe words pierce deeper then the wounds *I* ſuffer,
The ſmarting wounds of loſs.

*Leo.* Ye are too tender;
Fortune has houres of loſs, and houres of honour,
And the moſt valiant feel them both: take comfort,
The next is ours, *I* have a Soul deſcries it:
The angry Bull never goes back for breath,
But when he meanes to arm his fury double.
Let this day ſet, but not the Memory,
And we ſhall find a time: How now Lieutenant?

*Enter*

*Enter* Lieutenant.

*Lieu.* I know not: *I* am mall'd: we are bravely beaten,
All our young Gallants loſt.

*Leo.* Thou art hurt.

*Lieu.* *I* am pepper'd, *I* was i'th' midſt of all: and bang'd of all hands: They made an Anvil of my Head, it rings yet; never ſo threſh'd: Do you call this Fame? *I* have fam'd it; *I* have got Immortal fame, but *I'll* no more on't; I'll no ſuch ſcratching Saint to ſerve hereafter; O' my Conſcience *I* was kill'd above Twenty times, and yet *I* know not what a Devil's in't, *I* crawl'd away, and liv'd again ſtill; I am hurt plaguily, but now *I* have nothing neer ſo much pain Colonel, they have ſliced me for that Malady.

*Dem.* All the young Men loſt?

*Lieu.* *I* am glad you are here: but they are all i'th' pound Sir, they'l never ride o'r other Mens Corn again, *I* take it, ſuch friſking, and ſuch flaunting with their Feathers, and ſuch careering with their Miſtriſs favours; and here muſt he be pricking out for honour, and there got he a knock, and down goes Pilgarlick, commends his Soul to his She Saint, and *Exit.* Another ſpurs in there, cries, Make room Villaines, *I* am a Lord, ſcarce ſpoken, but with reverence a Raſcal takes him o'r the Face, and fells him, there lies the Lord, the Lord be with him.

*Leo.* Now Sir,
Do you find this truth?

*Dem.* *I* would not.

*Lieu.* Pox upon it,
They have ſuch tender Bodies too; ſuch Culliſſes,
That one good handſome blow breaks 'em in pieces.

*Leo.* How ſtands the Enemy?

*Lieu.* Even cool enough too: for to ſay truth, he has been ſhrewdly heated, the Gentleman no doubt will fall to his Jewlips.

*Leo.* He Marches not i'th'-tail on's.

*Lieu.* No, plague take him, he'll kiſs our Tailes as ſoon; he looks upon us, as if he would ſay, If ye will turn again, Friends, we will belabour you a little better, and beat a little more care into your Coxcombs. Now ſhall we have damnable Ballads out againſt us, moſt wicked Madrigals: and ten to one, Collonel, Sung to ſuch lowſie, lamentable Tunes.

*Leo.* Thou art Merry,
How e're the Game goes: good Sir be not troubled,
A better day will draw this back again.
Pray go, and cheer thoſe left, and lead 'em off,
They are hot, and weary.

*Dem.* I'll do any thing.

*Leo.* Lieutenant, ſend one preſentlie away To 'th' King, and let him know our ſtate: and hark ye, be ſure the meſſenger adviſe his Majeſty to comfort up the Prince: he's full of ſadneſs.

*Lieu.* When

*Lieu.* When ſhall I get a Surgeon? this hot weather,
Unleſs I be well pepper'd, I ſhall ſtink Colonel.
*Leo.* Go, I'll prepare thee one.
*Lieu.* If ye catch me then,
Fighting again, I'll eat hay with a horſe. *Exit.*

Scæne 3. Leucippe (*reading*) *and two* Maids *at a Table writing.*

*Leu.* Have ye written to *Merione*?
1. *Ma.* Yes, Madam.
*Leu.* And let her underſtand the hopes ſhe has
If ſhe come ſpeedily———
1. *Ma.* All theſe are ſpecified.
*Leu.* And of the chaine is ſent her,
And the rich ſtuffe to make her ſhew more handſome here?
1. *Ma.* All this is done, Madam.
*Leu.* What have you diſpatcht there?
2. *Ma.* A letter to the Countrey maid, and't pleaſe ye.
*Leu.* A pretty girle, but peeviſh, plaguy peeviſh:
Have ye bought the embordyered gloves, and that purſe for her,
And the new Curle?
2. *Ma.* They are ready packt up Madam.
*Leu.* Her maiden-head will yield me, let me ſee now, She is not fifteen they ſay: for her complexion——*Cloe*, *Cloe*, *Cloe*, here, I have her, *Cloe*, the Daughter of a Countrey gentleman; Her age upon fifteen: now her complexion, a lovely brown; here 'tis; eyes black and rolling, The body neatly built: ſhe ſtrikes a Lute well, ſings moſt inticingly: theſe helps conſider'd, Her maiden-head will amount to ſome three hundred, or three hundred and fifty crowns; 'twill bear it handſomly. Her father's poor, ſome little ſhare deducted, to buy him a hunting Nag: I, 'twill be pretty: Who takes care of the Merchants wife.
1. *Ma.* I have wrought her.
*Len.* You know for whom ſhe is?
1. *Ma.* Very well, Madam, though very much ado, I had to make her apprehend that happineſs.
*Leu.* Theſe kind are ſubtile:
Did ſhe not cry and blubber when ye urg'd her.
1. *Ma.* O moſt extremly, and ſwore ſhe would rather periſh.
*Leu.* Good ſigns, very good ſigns, ſymptoms of eaſie nature. Had ſhe the plate?
1. *Ma.* She lookt upon't, and left it, and turn'd again and view'd it.
*Leu.* Very well ſtill.
1. *Ma.* At length ſhe was content to let it lye there.
Till I call'd for't, or ſo.
*Leu.* She will come?
1. *Ma.* Do you take me
For ſuch a fool, I would part without that promiſe?

*Leu.* The

*Leu.* The Chambers next the park.

2. *Ma.* The Window Madam, you bad me look upon.

*Leu.* Hang her, ſhe *is* muſty:
She is no Mans meat; beſides, ſhe is poor and ſluttiſh:
Where lies old *Thisbe* now, you are ſo long now------

2 *Ma. Thisbe, Thisbe, This.* Agent *Thisbe*, O *I* have her,
She lies now in *Nicopolis.*

*Leu.* Diſpatch a Packet, and tell her, her Superiour here commands her, the next Month not to fail, but ſee deliver'd here to our uſe, ſome Twenty young and handſome, as alſo able Maids, for the Court ſervice, as ſhe will anſwer it: we are out of beauty, Utterly out, and rub the time away here, With ſuch blown ſtuff, I am aſham'd toſend it. [*Knock within.*] Who's that? look out, to your buſineſs maid, there's nothing got by idleneſs: There is a Lady, Which if I can but buckle with, *Altea, A, A, A, A, Altea*, young, and married, and a great lover of her husband, well, not to be brought to Court: ſay ye ſo? I am ſorry, the Court ſhall be brought to you then: how now, who is't?

1. *Maid.* An ancient Woman, with a Maid attending, a pretty Girle, but out of Cloathes; for a little Money, it ſeems ſhe would put her to your bringing up, Madam,

*Enter* Woman *and* Phebe.

*Leu.* Let her come in. Would ye ought with us, good Woman? I pray be ſhort, we are full of Buſineſs.

*Wom.* I have a tender Girle here, and pleaſe your Honour.

*Leu.* Very well.

*Wom.* That hath a great deſire to ſerve your Worſhip.

*Leu.* It may be ſo; *I* am full of Maids.

*Wom.* She is young, forſooth———
And for her Truth; and as they ſay her bearing.

*Leu.* Ye ſay well: come ye hither, Maid, let me feel your Pulſe, 'tis ſomewhat weak. but Nature will grow ſtronger; let me ſee your Leg, ſhe treads but low ith' Paſterns.

*Wom.* A Cork heel, Madam.

*Leu.* We know what will do it, without your aim, good Woman: What do you pitch her at? ſhe's but a ſlight Toy——cannot hold out long.

*Wom.* Even what you think is meet.

*Leu.* Give her Ten Crowns, we are full of buſineſs, ſhe is a poor Woman, let her take a Cheeſe home: Enter the Wench in the Office.

*Exit* Woman *and* 1 Maid.

2. *Maid.* What's your Name, Siſter?

*Phe. Phebe*, forſooth.

*Leu.* A pretty Name; 'twill do well: Go in, and let the other Maid inſtruct ye *Phebe*; *Exit* Phebe.
Let my old Velvet Skirt be made fit for her, I'll put her into action for a Waſtcoat, and when *I* have rigg'd her up once, this ſmall Pinnace ſhall ſail for Gold, and good ſtore too: Who's there? [*Knocks within.*] Lord, ſhall

we never have any eaſe in this World? ſtill troubled? ſtill moleſted? What would you have? *I* cannot furniſh ye faſter then *I* am able. [*Enter* Menippe. And ye were my Husband a Thouſand times, *I* cannot do it; at leaſt a dozen Poaſts are gone this Morning for ſeveral parts of the Kingdom: *I* can do no more but pay 'em, and inſtruct 'em.

*Men.* Prethee, good ſweet heart, *I* come not to diſturb thee, nor diſcourage thee, I know thou labour'ſt truly: hark in thine ear.

*Leu.* Ha? What do you make ſo dainty on't? look there, I am an Aſs, *I* can do nothing.

*Men. Celia*? I, this is ſhe; a ſtranger born.

*Leu.* What would you give for more now?

*Men.* Prithee, my beſt *Leucippe*, ther's much hangs on't, lodg'd at the end of *Marſe's* ſtreet? that's true too; at the ſack of ſuch a Town, by ſuch a Souldier preſerv'd a priſoner: and by Prince *Demetrius* bought from that man again, maintain'd, and favourd: How came you by this knowledge?

*Leu.* Poor weak man, I have a thouſand eyes, when thou art ſleeping, abroad, and full of buſineſs.

*Men.* You never tri'd her;

*Leu.* No, ſhe is beyond my level; ſo hedg'd in by the Princes infinite love, and favour to her----

*Men.* She is a handſome wench.

*Leu.* A delicate, and knows it; and out of that proof arms her ſelf.

*Men.* Come in then; I have a great deſign from the King to you, and you muſt work like wax now.

*Leu.* On this Lady;

*Men.* On this, and all your wits call home.

*Leu.* I have done Toyes in my time of ſome note; old as I am, I think my brains will work without barme, take up the Books. *Exit.*

Scæne. 4. Enter Antigonus, Tymon, Lords, *and a* Souldier.

*Ant.* No face of ſorrow for this loſs? 'twill choak him,
Nor no man miſs a friend, I know his nature
So deep impreſt with grief, for what he has ſuffer'd,
That the leaſt adding to it, adds to his ruin;
His loſs is not ſo infinite, I hope Souldier.

*Soul.* Faith neither great, nor out of diſcretion, the young men out of heat.

Enter Demetrius, Leontius, *and* Lieutenant.

*Ant.* I gueſs the manner.

*Lord Men.* The Prince and't like your Grace---s.

*Ant.* You are welcome home Sir;
Come, no more ſorrow, I have heard your fortune,
And I my ſelf have trid the like: clear up man,
I will not have ye take it thus if I doubted.
Your fear had loſt; and that you had turn'd your back to 'em,
Baſely beſought their mercies----

*Leo.* No, no, by this hand Sir,

We

We fought like honeſt and tall men.
*Ant.* I know't *Leontius*; or if I thought
Neglect of rule, having his counſel with ye,
Or too vain-glorious appetite of fame,
Your men forgot, and ſcatter'd——
*Leo.* None of theſe Sir,
He ſhew'd himſelf a noble gentleman,
Every way apt to rule.
*Ant.* Theſe being granted;
Why ſhould you think you have done an act ſo hainous,
That nought but diſcontent dwells round about ye?
I have loſt a Battel.
*Leo.* I, and fought it hard too.
*Ant.* With as much means as Man——
*Leo.* Or Devil could urge it.
*Ant.* Twenty to one of our ſide now.
*Leo.* Turn Tables,
Beaten like Dogs again, like Owles, you take it
To heart for flying but a Mile before 'em,
And to ſay truth, 'twas no flight neither Sir,
'Twas but a walk, a handſome walk,
I have tumbl'd with this old Body, beaten like a Stock-fiſh,
And ſtuck with Arrows, like an arming Quiver,
Blouded and bang'd, almoſt a day before 'em,
And glad I have got off then. Here's a Mad Shaver,
He fights his ſhare I am ſure, when e're he comes to't;
Yet I have ſeen him trip it titely too,
And cry, the Devil take the hindmoſt.
*Lieu.* I learn'd it of my betters.
*Leo.* Budge at this?
*Ant.* Has Fortune but one Face;
*Lieu.* In her beſt Vizard, methinks ſhe looks but Lowzily.
*Ant.* Chance, though ſhe faint now,
And ſink below our expectations,
Is there no hope left ſtrong enough to buoy her?
*Dem.* 'Tis not this day, I fled before the Enemy,
And loſt my People, left mine honour murder'd,
My Mayden honour, never to be ranſom'd,
(Which to a noble Soul is too too ſenſible)
Afflicts me with this ſadneſs; moſt of theſe,
Time may turn ſtraight again, experience perfect,
And new Swords, cut new ways to nobler Fortunes.
O have loſt——
*Ant.* As you are mine forget it:
I do not think it loſs.
*Demet.* O Sir, forgive me,

I have loſt my Friends, thoſe worthy Soules bred with me,
I have loſt my ſelf, they were the pieces of me;
I have loſt all Arts, my Schooles are taken from me,
Honour and Armes, no emulation left me:
I liv'd to ſee theſe Men loſt, look'd upon it:
Theſe Men that twin'd their loves to mine, their vertues;
O ſhame of ſhames, I ſaw, and could not ſave 'em,
This carries Sulphure in't, this burnes and boyles me,
And like a fatal Tombe beſtrides my Memory.

*Antig.* This was hard fortune, but if alive and taken,
They ſhall be ranſom'd; let it be at Millions.

*Dem.* They are dead, they are dead.

*Lieu.* When would he weep for me thus? I may be dead, and Powder'd.

*Leo.* Good Prince, grieve not: we are not certain of their Deaths: the Enemy, though he be hot and keen, yet holds good Quarter. What Noiſe is this?

*Great Shout within, Enter* Gentlemen.

*Lieu.* He does not follow us?
Give me a Steeple top.

*Leo.* They live, they live, Sir.

*Ant.* Hold up your Manly Face;
They live, they'r here Son.

*Dem.* Theſe are the Men.

1 *Gent.* They are, and live to honour ye.

*Dem.* How ſcap't ye, noble Friends? methought I ſaw ye
Even in the jaws of Death.

2 *Gent.* Thanks to our folly,
That ſpurr'd us on; we were indeed hedg'd round in't,
And ev'n beyond the hand of ſuccour beaten,
Unhors'd, diſarm'd: and what we lookt for then Sir,
Let ſuch poor weary Souls that hear the Bell Toll,
And ſee the Grave a digging, tell.

*Dem.* For Heaven ſake
Delude mine eyes no longer: How came ye off?

1 *Gent.* Againſt all expectation: the brave *Seleucus*,
*I* think this day enamour'd on your Vertue,
When, through the Troops, he ſaw you ſhoot like Lightning;
And at your Manly Courage all took fire,
And after that, the Miſery we fell too,
The never-certain fate of War conſidering,
As we ſtood all before him, Fortunes ruines,
Nothing but Death expecting, a ſhort time
He made a ſtand upon our Youths and Fortunes,
Then with an eye of Mercy inform'd his judgment,
How yet unripe we were, unblown, unharden'd,
Unfitted for ſuch fatal ends; he cry'd out to us,

Go,

Go, Gentlemen, commend me to your Maſter,
To the moſt high, and Powerful Prince *Demetrius*,
Tell him, the Valour he ſhowed againſt me
This day, the Virgin-valour, and true fire
Deſerves, even from an Enemy, this Courteſie;
Your Lives and Armes freely I'll give 'em: than him,
And thus we are return'd, Sir.

*Leo.* Faith 'twas well done;
'Twas bravely done; Was't not a noble part, Sir?

*Lieu.* Had I been there, up had *I* gone, *I* am ſure on't;
Theſe noble tricks, *I* never durſt truſt 'em yet.

*Leo.* Let me not live, and wer't not a famed honeſty,
It takes me ſuch a tickling way: now would *I* wiſh Heaven,
But ee'n the happineſs, ee'n that poor Bleſsing,
For all the ſharp afflictions thou haſt ſent me,
But ee'n i'th' head o'th' Field to take *Seleucus*.
I ſhould do ſomewhat memorable: fie, ſad ſtill.

1 *Gent*, Do you grieve we are come off?

*Dem.* Unranſom'd was it?

2 *Gent.* It was Sir.

*Dem.* And with ſuch a fame to me?
Said ye not ſo?

*Leo.* Ye have heard it.

*Dem.* O *Leonitus*,
Better *I* had loſt 'em all: my ſelf had periſh'd
And all my Father's hopes.

*Leo.* Mercy upon ye,
What ayle ye, Sir? 'Death, do not make fools o's,
Neither go to Church, nor tarry at home,
That's a fine Horn-pipe?

*Ant.* What's now your Grief, *Demetrius*?

*Dem.* Did he not beat us twice?

*Leo.* He beat a Pudding;
Beat us but once.

*Dem.* 'Has beat me twice, and beat me to a Coward,
Beat me to nothing.

*Lieu.* Is not the Devil in him?

*Leo.* *I* pray it be not worſe.

*Dem.* Twice conquer'd me.

*Leo.* Bear Witneſs all the World, I am a Dunce here.

*Dem.* With valour firſt he ſtrook me, then with honour:
That ſtroak *Leontius*, that ſtroak, do'ſt thou not feel it?

*Leo.* Where abouts was it? for I remember nothing yet.

*Dem.* All theſe Gentlemen that were his Priſoners——

*Leo.* He ſet 'em free, Sir, with Armes and Honour.

*Dem.* There

*Dem.* There, there, now thou haſt it
At mine own Weapon, Courteſie, h'as beaten me,
At that *I* was held a Maſter in, he has cow'd me,
Hotter then all the dint oth' fight he has charg'd me:
Am *I* not now a wretched Fellow? think on't;
And when thou haſt examin'd all ways honourable,
And find'ſt no door left open to requite this,
Conclude I am a Wretch, and was twice beaten.

*Ant.* *I* have obſerv'd your way, and underſtand it,
And equal love it as *Demetrius*,
My noble Childe, thou ſhalt not fall in Vertue,
*I* and my Power will ſink firſt: you *Leontius*,
Wait for a new Commiſſion, ye ſhall out again,
And inſtantly: you ſhall not lodge this night here,
Not ſee a friend, nor take a bleſſing with ye,
Before ye be i'th' field: the enemy is up ſtill,
And ſtill in full deſign: Charge him again, Son,
And either bring home that again thou haſt loſt there,
Or leave thy body by him.

*Dem.* Ye raiſe me,
And now I dare look up again, *Leontius.*

*Leo.* I, I, Sir, I am thinking who we ſhall take of 'em,
To make all ſtraight; and who we ſhall give to th' devil.
What ſaiſt thou now Lieutenant?

*Lieu.* *I* ſay nothing.
Lord what aile *I*, that *I* have no mind to fight now?
*I* find my conſtitution mightily alter'd
Since *I* came home: *I* hate all noiſes too,
Eſpecially the noiſe of Drums; I am now as well
As any living man; why not as valiant?
To fight now, is a kind of vomit to me,
It goes againſt my ſtomach.

*Dem.* Good Sir, preſently;
You cannot do your Son, ſo fair a favour.

*Ant.* 'Tis my intent: I'll ſee ye march away too;
Come, get your men together preſently, *Leontius*,
And preſs where pleaſe you, as you march.

*Leo.* We go Sir.

*Ant.* Wait you on me, I'll bring ye to your command,
And then to fortune give you up.

*Dem.* Ye love me. *Exit.*

*Leo.* Go, get the drums, beat round, Lieutenant.

*Lieu.* Hark ye Sir,
I have a fooliſh buſineſs they call marriage.

*Leo.* After the wars are done.

*Lieu.* The partie ſtaies Sir,

*I* have

*I* have giv'n the Prieſt his money too: all my friends Sir,
My father and my mother.
*Leo.* Will you go forward?
*Lieu.* She brings a pretty matter with her.
*Leo.* Half a dozen Baſtards.
*Lieu.* Some forty Sir.
*Leo.* A goodly competency.
*Lieu.* *I* mean Sir, pounds a year; I'll diſpatch the matter,
'Tis but a night or two; I'll overtake ye Sir.
*Leo.* The 2 old legions, yes: where lies the horſe-quarter?
*Lieu.* And if it be a boy, I'll even make bold Sir.
*Leo.* Away with your Whore,
A plague o' your Whore, you damn'd rogue,
Now ye are cur'd and well; muſt ye be clicketing?
*Lieu.* I have broke my mind to my Ancient, in my abſence,
He's a ſufficient gentleman.
*Leo.* Get forward.
*Lieu.* Only receive her portion.
*Leo.* Get ye forward;
Elſe I'll bang ye forward.
*Lieu.* Strang Sir,
A Gentleman and an officer cannot have the liberty
To do the office of a man.
*Leo.* Shame light on thee,
How came this Whore into thy head?
*Lieu.* This Whore Sir?
'Tis ſtrange, a poor whore.
*Leo.* Do not anſwer me:
Troop, Troop away: do not name this whore again,
Or think there is a whore.
*Lieu.* That's very hard Sir.
*Leo.* For if thou doſt, look too't, I'll have thee guelded,
I'll walk ye out before me: not a word more. *Exit.*

Scæne. 5. *Enter* Leucippe, *and* Governeſs.

*Leu.* Ye are the Miſtreſs of the houſe ye ſay,
Where this young Lady lyes.
*Gov.* For want of a better.
*Leu.* You may be good enough for ſuch a purpoſe:
When was the Prince with her? anſwer me directly.
*Gov.* Not ſince he went a warring.
*Leu.* Very well then:
What carnal copulation are you privie too
Between theſe two? be not afraid, we are women,
And may talk thus amongſt our ſelves, no harm in't.

*Gov.* No,

*Gov.* No ſure, there's no harm in't, I conceive that;
But truely, that I ever knew the gentlewoman
Otherwiſe given, then a hopeful gentlewoman——
*Leu.* You'll grant me the Prince loves her?
*Gov.* There I am with ye.
And the Gods bleſs her, promiſes her mightily.
*Leu.* Stay there a while. And gives her gifts?
*Gov.* Extreamly;
And truely makes a very Saint of her.
*Leu.* I ſhould think now,
(Good woman let me have your judgement with me,
I ſee 'tis none of the worſt: Come ſit down by me)
That theſe two cannot love ſo tenderly——
*Gov.* Being ſo young as they are too——
*Leu.* You ſay well---
But that methinks ſome further promiſes——
*Gov.* Yes, yes,
I have heard the Prince ſwear he would marry her.
*Leu.* Very well ſtill: they do not uſe to fall out?
*Gov.* The tendereſt Chickens to one another,
They cannot live an hour aſſunder.
*Leu.* I have done then;
And be you gone; you know your charge, and do it.
You know whoſe will it is; if you tranſgreſs it---
That is, if any have acceſs, or ſee her,
Before the Kings will be fulfill'd----
*Gov.* Not the Prince, Madam?
*Leu.* You'll be hang'd if you do it, that I'll aſſure ye.
*Gov.* But ne're the leſs, I'll make bold to obey ye.
*Leu.* Away, and to your buſineſs then.
*Gov.* 'Tis done, Madam. *Exeunt.*

---

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*Enter* Antigonus *and* Menippus.

*Ant.* THou haſt taken wondrous pains; but yet *Menippus*,
You underſtood not of what blood, and country.
*Men.* I labour'd that, but cannot come to know it.
A *Greek* I am ſure ſhe is, ſhe ſpeaks this Language.
*Ant.* Is ſhe ſo excellent handſome?
*Men.* Moſt inticing.
*Ant.* Sold for a priſoner?
*Men.* Yes Sir,
Some poor creature.

*Ant.*

*Ant.* And he loves tenderly?

*Men.* They ſay extreamly.

*Ant.* 'Tis well prevented then: yes, I perceiv'd it:
When he took leave now, he made a hundred ſtops,
Deſir'd an hour, but half an hour, a minute,
Which *I* with anger croſs'd; I knew his buſineſs,
*I* knew 'twas ſhe he hunted on; this journey, man,
*I* beat out ſuddenly for her cauſe intended,
And would not give him time to breath. When comes ſhe?

*Men.* This morning Sir.

*Ant.* Lodge her to all delight then: For *I* would have her tri'd toth'teſt: *I* know ſhe muſt be ſome crackt Coyn, not fit his Traffique; which, when we have found, the ſhame will make him leave her, or we ſhall work a nearer way, I'll bury him, and with him all the hopes I have caſt upon him, ere he ſhall dig his own Grave in that Woman: you know which way to bring her: I'll ſtand cloſe there, to view her as ſhe paſſes: And do you hear *Menippus*, obſerve her with all ſweetneſs: humour her, 'twill make her lie more careleſs to our purpoſes. Away, and take what helpes you pleaſe.

*Men.* I am gone Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Seæne 2. *Enter* Celia, *and* Governeſs.

*Cel.* Governeſs, From whom was this Gown ſent me; Prithee be ſerious true; I will not wear't elſe: 'Tis a handſome one.

*Gov.* As though you know not?

*Cel.* No Faith: But I believe for certain too, yet I wonder, becauſe it was his caution, this poor way, ſtill to preſerve me from the curious ſearchings of greedy eyes.

*Gov.* You have it: Does it pleaſe you?

*Cel.* 'Tis very rich methinks too, prithee tell me ——

*Gov.* From one that likes you well, never look coy, Lady;
Theſe are no gifts, to be put off with poutings.

*Cel.* Powtings, and Gifts? Is it from any ſtranger?

*Gov.* You are ſo curious, that there is no talking to ye. What if it be I pray ye?

*Cel.* Unpin good Governeſs, Quick, quick.

*Gov.* Why what's the matter?

*Cel.* Quick, good Governeſs: Fie on't, How beaſtly it becomes me? poorly? A trick put upon me? well ſaid Governeſs: I vow I would not wear it———out, it ſmells muſty. Are theſe your tricks? now I begin to ſmell it abominable muſty; Will ye help me? The Prince will come again——

*Gov.* You are not Mad ſure?

*Cel.* As I live Ill' cut it off: a Pox upon it; for ſure it was made for that uſe; Do you bring me Livories? Stales to catch Kites? Doſt thou Laugh too, thou baſe Woman?

*Gov.* I cannot chuſe, if I ſhould be hang'd.

*Cel.* Abuſe me, and then Laugh at me too?

*Gov.* I do not abuſe ye: Is it abuſe to give him Drink that's Thirſty? You want Clothes; Is it ſuch a heinous ſin, I beſeech ye, to ſee you ſtor'd?

*Cel.* There is no greater wickedneſs then this way.

*Gov.* What way?

*Cel.* *I* ſhall Curſe thee fearfully, if thou provok'ſt me further: and take heed, Woman; my Curſes never miſs.

*Gov.* Curſe him that ſent it.

*Cel.* Tell but his Name——

*Gov.* You dare not Curſe him,

*Cel.* Dare not I? By this fair light——

*Gov.* You are ſo full of Paſſion——

*Cel.* Dare not be good? Be honeſt? Dare not Curſe him?

*Gov.* I think you dare not: I believe ſo.

*Cel.* Speak him.

*Gov.* Up with your Valour then, up with it bravely, and take your full charge.

*Cel.* If I do not, hang me; tell but his Name.

*Gov.* 'Twas Prince *Demetrius* ſent it:
Now, now, give fire, kill him ith' eye now Lady.

*Cel.* Is he come home?

*Gov.* It ſeems ſo; but your Curſe now.

*Cel.* You do not lie, I hope.

*Gov.* You dare not Curſe him.

*Cel.* Prithee do not abuſe me: *Is* he come home indeed?
For I would now with all my heart believe thee.

*Gov.* Nay, you may chuſe: alas, I deal for Strangers, that ſend ye ſcurvy Muſty Gowns, ſtale Livories: I have my Tricks.

*Cel.* 'Tis a good Gown, a handſome one; I did but jeſt; Where is he?

*Gov.* He that ſent it——

*Cel.* How? he that ſent it? Is't come to that again? thou canſt not be ſo fooliſh, prithee ſpeak out, I may miſtake thee.

*Gov.* I ſaid he that ſent it.

*Cel.* Curſe o' my life: Why doſt thou vex me thus? I know thou meanſt *Demetrius*, doſt thou not? I charge thee ſpeak truth: if it be any other, thou knowſt the charge he gave thee, and the juſtice his anger will inflict, if e're he know this, as know he ſhall, he ſhall, thou ſpiteful Woman, thou beaſtly Woman; and thou ſhalt know to late too, and feel too ſenſible, I am no Ward, no Sale-ſtuff for your Money-Merchants that ſent it? Who dare ſend me, or how durſt thou, thou——

*Gov.* What you pleaſe: for this is ever the reward of ſervice. The Prince will bring the next himſelf.

*Cel.* 'Tis ſtrange that you ſhould deal ſo peeviſhly: beſhrew ye, you have put me in a heat.

*Gov.* *I* am ſure ye have kill'd me: *I* ne're receiv'd ſuch language: *I* can but wait upon ye, and be your drudge; keep a poor life to ſerve ye.

*Cel.* You

*Cel.* You know my nature is too eaſie, Governeſs,
And you know now, I am ſorry too: how does he?

*Gov.* O God, my head.

*Cel.* Prethee be well, and tell me, did he ſpeak of me, ſince he came? nay, ſee now, if thou wilt leave this tyranny? good ſweet governeſs: did he but name his *Celia?* look upon me, upon my faith *I* meant no harm: here, take this, and buy thy ſelf ſome trifles: did a good Girle?

*Gov.* He loves ye but too dearly.

*Cel.* That's my good Governeſs.

*Gov.* There's more cloathes making for ye.

*Cel.* More cloathes?

*Gov.* More: richer and braver; *I* can tell ye that news; And twenty glorious things.

*Cel.* To what uſe?

*Gov.* Ye are too good for our houſe now: we poor wretches
Shall loſe the comfort of ye.

*Cel.* No, I hope not.

*Gov.* For ever loſe ye Lady.

*Cel.* Loſe me? wherefore? *I* hear of no ſuch thing.

*Gov.* 'Tis ſure it muſt be ſo: you muſt ſhine now at Court: ſuch preparation, ſuch hurry, and ſuch hanging rooms——

*Cel.* Toth' Court wench? Was it toth' Court thou ſaidſt?

*Gov.* You'll find it ſo.

*Cel.* Stay, ſtay, this cannot be.

*Gov.* *I* ſay it muſt be: *I* hope to find ye ſtill the ſame good Lady.

*Cel.* Toth' Court? this ſtumbles me: art ſure for me, wench, this preperation is?

*Gov.* She is perilous crafty: *I* fear too honeſt for us all too. Am *I* ſure *I* live?

*Cel.* Toth' Court? this cannot down: what ſhould *I* do there? why ſhould he on a ſudden change his mind thus, and not make me acquainted? ſure he loves me; his vow was made againſt it, and mine with him: At leaſt while this King liv'd: he will come hither, and ſee me ere *I* go?

*Gov.* Wou'd ſome wiſe woman had her in working: that *I* think he will not, becauſe he means with all joy there to meet ye. Ye ſhall hear more within this hour?

*Cel.* A Courtier? what may the meaning be? ſure he will ſee me if he be come, he muſt: Hark ye Governeſs, what age is the King of?

*Gov.* He's an old man, and full of buſineſs.

*Cel.* *I* fear too full indeed: what Ladies are there?
*I* would be loath to want good company.

*Gov.* Delicate young Ladies, as you would deſire;
And when you are acquainted, the beſt company.

*Cel.* 'Tis very well: prethee go in, let's talk more.
For though *I* fear a trick, I'll bravely try it. [*Aſide.*]

*Gov.* *I* ſee he muſt be cunning, knoks this Doe down *Exeunt.*

Scæne 3. *Enter* Lieutenant, *and* Leontius. *Drums within.*

*Leo.* You ſhall not have your will, ſirrah, are ye running?
Have ye gotten a toy in your heels? Is this a ſeaſon,
When honour pricks ye on, to prick your ears up
After your Whore, your Hobby-Horſe?

*Lieu.* Why look ye now: What a ſtrange Man are you? Would you have a Man fight at all houres all alike.

*Leo.* Do but fight ſomething; but half a blow, and put thy Stomach to't: turn but thy face, and do but make Mouthes at 'em.

*Lieu.* And have my Teeth knockt out; I thank ye heartily, ye are my dear Friend.

*Leo.* What a Devil ails thee? Doſt long to be hang'd?

*Lieu.* Faith, Sir, I make no ſuit for't: but rather then I would live thus out of Charity, continually in brawling——

*Leo.* Art thou not he? *I* may be cozn'd——

*Lieu.* *I* ſhall be diſcover'd.

*Leo.* That in the midſt of thy moſt helliſh pains, when thou wert crawling ſick, didſt aim at wonders, when thou wert mad with pain?

*Lieu* Ye have found the cauſe out; I had ne're been mad to fight elſe: I confeſs, Sir, the daily torture of my ſide that vext me, made me as daily careleſs what became of me, till a kind Sword there wounded me, and eas'd me; 'twas nothing in my valour fought; *I* am well now, and take ſome pleaſure in my life: methinks now it ſhews as mad a thing to me to ſee you ſcuffle, and kill one another fooliſhly for Honour, as 'twas to you, to ſee me play the Coxcombe.

*Leo.* And wilt thou ne're fight more?

*Lieu.* Ith' mind *I* am in.

*Leo.* Nor never be ſick again?

*Lieu.* *I* hope *I* ſhall not.

*Leo.* Prethee be ſick again; prethee, *I* beſeech thee,
Be juſt ſo ſick again.

*Lieu.* I'll juſt be hang'd firſt.

*Leo.* If all the Arts that are can make a Collick, therefore look to't: or if impoſthumes, mark me, as big as foot-balls——

*Lieu.* Deliver me.

*Leo.* Or ſtones of ten pound weight i'th' kidneys through eaſiy and ugly dyets may be gather'd; I'll feed ye up my ſelf Sir, I'll prepare ye, you cannot fight, unleſs the devil tear ye, you ſhall not want provocations, I'll ſcratch ye, I'll have thee have the tooth-ach, and the head-ach.

*Lieu.* Good Collonel, *I*'ll do any thing.

*Leo.* No, no, nothing — then will *I* have thee blown with a pair of Smiths bellowes, becauſe ye ſhall be ſure to have a round gale with ye, fil'd full of oyle, o' devil, and *Aqua fortis*, and let theſe work, theſe may provok.

*Lieu.* Good Colonel.

*Leo.* A coward in full blood; prethee be plain with me,

Will

Will Roasting do thee any good?

*Lieu.* Nor Basting neither, Sir.

*Leo.* Marry that goes hard.

*Enter* 1 Gent.

1 *Gent.* Where are you Colonel
The Prince expects ye Sir; has hedg'd the Enemy within a straight, where all the hopes and valours of all Men living cannot force a passage, he has 'em now.

*Leo.* *I* knew all this before Sir,
I chalk'd him out his way: But do you see that thing there;

*Lieu.* Nay, good sweet Colonel I'll fight a little.

*Leo.* That thing?

1 *Gent.* What thing? *I* see the brave Lieutenant.

*Leo.* Rogue, What a Name hast thou lost?

*Lieu.* You may help it; yet you may help it: I'll do ye any Courtesie: I know you love a Wench well.

*Enter* 2 Gent.

*Leo.* Look upon him; Do you look too.

2 *Gent.* What should I look on?
I come to tell ye, the Prince stays your Direction,
We have 'em now ith' Coop, Sir.

*Leo.* Let 'em rest there,
And chew upon their Miseries: but look first——

*Lieu.* I cannot fight for all this.

*Leo.* Look on this Fellow.

2 *Gent.* I know him; 'tis the valiant brave Lieutenant.

*Leo.* Can'st thou hear this, and play the Rogue, steal off quickly,
Behind me quickly, neatly do it,
And rush into the thickest of the Enemy,
And if thou kill'st but two.

*Lieu.* You may excuse me, 'tis not my fault: I dare not fight.

*Leo.* Be rul'd yet,
*I*'ll beat thee on; go wink and fight: A plague upon your sheeps heart.

2. *Gent.* What's all this matter?

1. *Gent.* Nay I cannot shew ye.

*Leo.* Here's Twenty ponnd, go but smell to 'em.

*Lieu.* Alas Sir, I have taken such a cold, I can smell nothing.

*Leo.* I can smell a Rascal, a rank Rascall:
Fye, how he stinks, stinks like a tyred Jade.

2 *Gent.* What Sir?

*Leo.* Why, that Sir, Do not you smell him?

2 *Gent.* Smell him?

*Lieu.* I must endure.

*Leo.* Stinks like a dead Dog, Carrion——There's no such damnable smell under Heaven, as the faint sweat of a Coward: Will ye fight yet?

*Lieu.* Nay

*Lieu.* Nay, now *I* defie ye; ye have ſpoke the worſt ye can of me, and if every Man ſhould take what you ſay to the heart——

*Leo.* God a mercy, God a mercy with all my heart; here I forgive thee; and fight, or fight not, do but go along with us, and keep my Dog.

*Lieu.* I love a good Dog naturally.

1. *Gent.* What's all this ſtir, Lieutenant?

*Lieu.* Nothing, Sir, but a ſlight matter of Argument.

*Leo.* 'Pox take thee. Sure I ſhall love this Rogue, he's ſo pretty a Coward: Come, Gentlemen, let's up now, and if fortune dare play the Slut again, *I'll* never more Saint her; Come, Play-fellow, come, prithee come up; come Chicken, I have a way ſhall fit yet: A tame knave—— Come, look upon us.

*Lieu.* I'll tell ye who does beſt Boyes. [*Exeunt.*

Scæne 4. *Enter* Antigonus, *and* Menippus *above.*

*Men.* *I* ſaw her coming out.

*Ant.* Who waits upon her?

*Men.* *Tymon*, *Charinthus*, and ſome other Gentlemen
By me appointed.

*Ant.* Where's your Wife;

*Men.* Shee's ready to entertain her here Sir; and ſome Ladies fit for her Lodgings.

*Ant.* How ſhews ſhe in her trim now?

*Men.* Oh moſt divinely ſweet.

*Ant.* Prithee ſpeak ſoftly, How does ſhe take her comming?

*Men.* She bears it bravely; but what ſhe thinks—— For Heaven's ſake Sir preſerve me——If the Prince chance to find this.

*Ant.* Peace ye Old Fool; She thinks to meet him here.

*Men.* That's all the Project.

*Ant.* Was ſhe hard to bring;

*Men.* No, ſhe believ'd it quickly, and quickly made her ſelf fit, the Gown a little, and thoſe new things ſhe has not been acquainted with, at leaſt in this place, where ſhe liv'd a Priſoner, troubled and ſtirr'd her Mind: But believe me, Sir, ſhe has worn as good, they ſit ſo apted to her; and ſhe is ſo great a Miſtriſs of diſpoſure: Here they come now: but take a full view of her.

*Enter* Celia, Tymon, Charinthus, *and* Gent.

*Ant.* How cheerfully ſhe looks? How ſhe ſalutes all?
And how ſhe views the place? ſhe is very young ſure:
That was an admirable Smile, a catching one,
The very twang of *Cupids* Bow Sung to it:
She has two-edg'd eyes, they kill o'both ſides.

*Men.* She makes a ſtand, as though ſhe would ſpeak.

*Ant.* Be ſtill then.

*Cel.* Good Gentlemen, trouble your ſelves no further,
*I* had thought ſure to have met a noble Friend here.

*Tym.* Ye

*Tym.* Ye may meet many Lady.

*Cel.* Such as you are I covet few or none, Sir.

*Char.* Will you walk this way,
And take the ſweets oth' Garden? cool and cloſe, Lady.

*Cel.* Methinks this open Air's far better, tend ye that way.
Pray where's the Woman came along?

*Char.* What Woman?

*Cel.* The Woman of the Houſe I lay at.

*Tym.* Woman; Here was none came along ſure.

*Cel.* Sure *I* am catcht then: Pray where's the Prince?

*Char.* He will not be long from ye, we are his humble ſervants.

*Cel.* *I* could Laugh now, to ſee how finely *I* am cozn'd: yet I fear not, for ſure I know a way to ſcape all dangers.

*Tym.* Madam, your Lodgings lye this way.

*Cel.* My Lodgings? for heavens ſake Sir, what office do I bear here?

*Tym.* The great commander of all hearts.

*Cel.* You have hit it. I thank your ſweet-heart for it. Who are theſe now?

*Enter* Leucippe *and* Ladies.

*Char.* Ladies that come to ſerve ye.

*Cel.* Well conſider'd, are you my ſervants?

*Lady.* Servants to your pleaſures.

*Cel.* I dare believe ye, but I dare not truſt ye: catch'd with a trick? well, I muſt bear it patiently: methinks this Court's a neat place: all the people of ſuch refin'd a ſize——

*Tym.* This is no poor rogue.

*Leu.* Were it a Paradice to pleaſe your fancy,
And entertain the ſweetneſs you bring with ye;

*Cel.* Take breath; you are fat and many words may melt ye, this is three Bawds beaten into one; bleſs me heaven, what ſhall become of me? I am i'th' pitfal: o' my conſcience, this is the old viper, and all theſe little ones creep every night into her belly; do you hear plump ſervant, and my little ſucking Ladies, you muſt teach me, for I know you are excellent at carriage, how to behave my ſelf, for I am rude yet, but you ſay the Prince will come?

*Lady.* Will flie to ſee you.

*Cel.* For look you if a great man, ſay the King now ſhould come and viſit me?

*Men.* She names ye.

*Ant.* Peace fool.

*Cel.* And offer me a kindneſs, ſuch a kindneſs.

*Leu.* I, ſuch a kindneſs.

*Cel.* True Lady ſuch a kindneſs, what ſhall that kindneſs be now?

*Leu.* A witty Lady, learn little ones, learn.

*Cel.* Say it be all his favour.

*Leu.* And a ſweet ſaying 'tis

*Cel.* And I grow peeviſh?

*Leu.* You muſt not be neglectful.

*Cel.* There's

*Cel.* There's the matter, there's the main doctrin now, and I may miſs it; Or a kind hanſome Gentleman?

*Leu.* You ſay well.

*Cel.* They'l count us baſely bred.

*Leu.* Not freely nurtur'd.

*Cel.* I'll take thy counſel.

*Leu.* 'Tis an excellent woman.

*Cel.* I find a notable volume here, a learned one; which way? for I would fain be in my chamber; in truth ſweet Ladies, I grow weary; fie, how hot the air beats on me?

*Lady.* This way Madam?

*Cel.* Now by mine honour, I grow wondrous faint too.

*Leu.* Your fans ſweet Gentlewomen, your fans.

*Cel.* Since I am foold, [*Aſide.*]
I'll make my ſelf ſome ſport, though I pay dear for't, *Exit.*

*Men.* You ſee now what a manner of woman ſhe is Sir.

*Ant.* Thou art an aſſe.

*Men.* Is this a fit love for the Prince?

*Ant.* A coxcombe:
Now by my crown a dainty wench, a ſharp wench,
And a matchleſs ſpirit: how ſhe Jeer'd 'em?
How careleſly ſhe ſcoff'd 'em? uſe her nobly;
I would I had not ſeen her: wait anon,
And then you ſhall have more to trade upon. *Exeunt.*

Scæne 5. *Enter* Leontius, *and the* 2 Gentlemen.

*Leo.* We muſt keep a round, and a ſtrong watch to night, the Prince will not charge the Enemy till the morning: but for the trick I told ye for this raſcal, this rogue, that health and ſtrong heart makes a coward.

1 *Gent.* I, if it take.

*Leo.* Ne're fear it, the Prince has it, and if he let it fall, *I* muſt not know it; he will ſuſpect me preſently: but you two may help the plough.

2 *Gent.* That he is ſick again——

*Leo.* Extreamly ſick: his diſeaſe grown incurable.
Never yet found, nor touch'd at.

*Enter* Lieutenant.

2 *Gent.* Well, we have it
And here he comes.

*Leo.* The Prince has been upon him, what a flatten face he has now? it takes believe it; how like an aſſe he looks?

*Lieu.* I feel no great pain, at leaſt, *I* think *I* do not; yet *I* feel ſenſibly *I* grow extreamely faint: how cold *I* ſweat now?

*Leo.* So, ſo, ſo.

*Lieu.* And now 'tis ev'n too true, *I* feel a pricking, a pricking, a ſtrang pricking: how it tingles? and as it were a ſtitch too: the Prince told me, and every one cri'd out *I* was a dead man; *I* had thought *I* had been as well——

*Leo.* Upon

*Leo.* Upon him now Boyes, and do it moſt demurely.

1 *Gent.* How now Lieutenant?

*Lieu.* I thank ye Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* 'Life, how looks this Man?
How doſt thou good Lieutenant?

2 *Gent.* I ever told ye, This Man was never Cur'd, *I* ſee it too plain now; How do you feel your ſelf? you look not perfect: How dull his eyes hangs?

1 *Gent.* That may be diſcontent.

2 Gent. Believe me Friend, *I* would not ſuffer now the tithe of thoſe paines this Man feels; mark his Forehead; What a cloud of cold dew hangs upon't?

*Lieu.* I have it, again I have it; How it grows upon me? a miſerable Man I am.

*Leo.* Ha, ha, ha, A miſerable Man thou ſhalt be; this is the tameſt Trout I ever tickell'd. [*Aſide.*

*Enter* 2 Phyſitians.

1 *Phi.* This way he went.

2 *Phi.* Pray heaven we find him living,
He's a brave Fellow, 'tis pitty he ſhould periſh thus.

1 *Phi.* A ſtrong hearted man, and of a notable ſufferance.

*Lieu.* Oh, oh.

1 *Gent.* How now? how is it man?

*Lieu.* Oh Gentlemen,
Never ſo full of pain.

2 *Gent.* Did I not tell ye?

*Lieu.* Never ſo full of pain Gentlemen.

1 *Phi.* He is here;
How do you Sir?

2 *Phi.* Be of good comfort Souldier,
The Prince has ſent us to you.

*Lieu.* Do you think I may live?

2 *Phi.* He alters hourely, ſtrangely.

1 *Phi.* Yes you may live: but——

*Leo.* Finely butted Doctor.

1 *Gent.* Do not diſcourage him.

1 *Phi.* He muſt be told truth,
'Tis now too late to trifle.

*Enter* Dem. *and* Gent.

2 *Gent.* Here the Prince comes.

*Dem.* How now Gentlemen?

2 *Gent.* Bewailing Sir a Souldier,
And one I think, your Grace will grieve to part with,
But every living thing——

*Dem.* 'Tis true, muſt periſh,

Our lives are but our Martches to our Graves,
How doſt thou now *Lieutenant*?

*Lieu.* Faith 'tis true Sir, we are but ſpans, and candles ends.

*Leo.* He's finely mortified.

*Dem.* Thou art heart whole yet; I ſee he alters ſtrangely, and that apace too; I ſaw it this morning in him, when he poor Man I dare ſwear——

*Lieu.* No beleev't, Sir, I never felt it.

*Dem.* Here lies the pain now: How he is ſwell'd?

1 *Phi.* The Impoſthume, fed with a new malignant Humour now, will grow to ſuch a bigneſs, 'tis incredible, the compaſs of a Buſhel will not hold it, and with ſuch a Hell of torture it will riſe too——

*Dem.* Can you endure me touch it?

*Lieu.* Oh, *I* beſeech you Sir:
I feel you ſenſibly e're you come near me.

*Dem.* He is finely wrought, he muſt be cut, no cure elſe,
And ſuddenly, you ſee how faſt he blowes out.

*Lieu.* Good Maſter Doctor, let me be beholding to you, I feel I cannot laſt.

2 *Phi.* For what Lieutenant?

*Lieu.* But ev'n for half a dozen Cans of good Wine,
That I may drink my Will out: I faint hideouſly.

*Dem.* Fetch him ſome Wine; and ſince he muſt go Gentlemen.
Why let him take his journey Merrily.

*Enter* Servant *with Wine.*

*Lieu.* That's ev'n the neareſt way.

*Leo.* I could Laugh dead now.

*Dem.* Here, off with that.

*Lieu.* Theſe two I give your Grace, a poor remembrance of a dying Man Sir, and I beſeech you wear 'em out,

*Dem.* *I* will Souldier, theſe are fine Legacies.

*Lieu.* Among the Gentlemen, even all I have left; I am a poor Man, naked, yet ſomething for remembrance: four a peece, Gentlemen, and ſo my Body where you pleaſe.

*Leo.* It will work.

*Lieu.* I make your Grace my Executor, and I beſeech ye
See my poor Will fulfill'd: ſure I ſhall walk elſe.

*Dem.* As full as they can be fill'd, here's my hand, Souldier.

1 *Gent.* The Wine will tickle him.

*Lieu.* I would hear a Drum beat, but to ſee how I could endure it.

*Dem.* Beat a Drum there. [*Drum within.*

*Lieu.* O Heavenly Muſick, I would hear one Sing to't,
I am very full of pain.

*Dem.* Sing? 'tis impoſſible.

*Lieu.* Why, then I would drink a Drum full: Where lies the Enemy?

2 *Gent.* Why, here cloſe by.

*Leo.* Now he begins to Muſter.

*Lieu.* And

*Lieu.* And dare ye fight?
Dare ye fight Gentlemen?

1 *Phi.* You muſt not cut him: he's gone then in a moment; all the hope left, is to work his weakneſs into ſudden anger, and make him raiſe his paſſion above his pain, and ſo diſpoſe him on the Enemy; his body then, being ſtirr'd with violence, will purge it ſelf, and break the ſore.

*Dem.* 'Tis true, Sir,

1 *Phi.* And then my Life for his.

*Lieu.* *I* will not die thus.

*Dem.* But he is too weak to doe——

*Lieu.* Dye like a Dog?

2 *Phi.* *I*, he's weak, but yet he's heart-whole.

*Lieu.* Hem.

*Dem.* An excellent ſign.

*Lieu.* Hem.

*Dem.* Stronger ſtill, and better.

*Lieu.* Hem, hem; ran, tan, tan, tan. *Exit.*

1 *Phi.* How he's i'th' way on't.

*Dem.* Well go thy ways, thou wilt do ſomething certain.

*Leo.* And ſome brave thing, or let mine Eares be cut off. He's finely wrought.

*Dem.* Let's after him.

*Leo.* *I* pray Sir; But how Rogue, when this Cloud's melted in him, and all diſcover'd——

*Dem.* That's for an after Mirth, away, away, away. *Exit.*

Scæne 6. *Enter* Seleucus, Lyſimachus, Ptolomy, Souldiers.

*Sel.* Let no man fear to dye: we love to ſleep all,
And death is but the ſounder ſleep; all ages,
And all hours call us; 'tis ſo common, eaſie,
That little children tread thoſe paths before us;
We are not ſick, nor our ſouls preſt with ſorrows,
Nor go we out like tedious tales, forgotten;
High high we come, and hearty to our funerals,
And as the Sun that ſets, in blood let's fall.

*Liſ.* 'Tis true, they have us faſt, we cannot ſcape 'em,
Nor keeps the brow of fortune one ſmile for us,
Diſhonourable ends we can ſcape though,
And (worſe then thoſe captivities) we can dye,
And dying nobly, though we leave behind us
Theſe clods of fleſh, that are too maſſie burthens,
Our living ſouls flie crown'd with living conqueſts

*Ptol.* They have begun, fight bravely, and fall bravely;
And may that man that ſeeks to ſave his life now
By price, or promiſe, or by fear falls from us,
Never again be bleſt with name of Souldier.

*Enter a* Souldier.

*Sel.* How now? who charged firſt? I ſeek a brave hand to ſet me off in death.

*Soul.* We are not charg'd Sir, the Prince lies ſtill.

*Sel.* How comes this Larum up then?

*Soul.* There is one deſperate fellow, with the devil in him
(He never durſt do this elſe) has broke into us,
And here he bangs ye two or three before him,
There five or ſix; ventures upon whole companies.

*Ptol.* And is not ſeconded?

*Soul.* Not a man follows.

*Sel.* Nor cut a peeces?

*Soul.* Their wonder yet has ſtaid 'em.

*Sel.* Let's in, and ſee this miracle?

*Ptol.* I admire it. *Exit.*

*Enter* Leontius *and* Gentlemen.

*Leon.* Fetch him off, fetch him off, I am ſure he's clouted;
Did I not tell you how 'twould take?

1 *Gent.* 'Tis admirable.

*Enter* Lieutenant *with colours in his hand, purſuing* 3 *or* 4 Souldiers.

*Lieu.* Follow that blow, my friend, there's at your coxcombs,
I fight to ſave me from the Surgeons miſeries.

*Leo.* How the knave curries 'em

*Lieu.* You cannot rogues,
Till you have my diſeaſes, flie my furie,
Ye bread and butter rogues, do ye run from me?
And my ſide would give me leave, I would ſo hunt ye,
Ye porredge-gutted ſlaves, ye veale-broth boobies.

*Enter* Demetrius, *and* Phyſitians, *and* Gent.

*Leo.* Enough, enough *Lieutenant*, thou haſt done bravely.

*Dem.* Mirrour of man.

*Lieu.* There's a flag for ye Sir,
I took it out o'th' ſhop, and never paid for't,
I'll to 'em again, *I* am not come to th' text yet.

*Dem.* No more my ſouldier: beſhrew my heart he is hurt ſore.

*Leo.* Hang him, he'll lick all thoſe whole.

2 *Phi.* Now will we take him,
And cure him in a trice.

*Dem.* Be careful of him.

*Lieu.* Let me live but two years,
And do what ye will with me;
*I* never had but two hours yet of happineſs;
Pray ye give me nothing to provoke my valour,
For *I* am ev'n as weary of this fighting——

2 *Phi.* Ye ſhall have nothing; come to the Princes Tent
And there the Surgeons preſently ſhall ſearch ye,

Then

Then to your reſt.
*Lieu.* A little handſome litter
To lay me in, and *I* ſhall ſleep.
*Leo.* Look to him.
*Dem.* *I* do believe a Horſe begot this Fellow,
He never knew his ſtrength yet; they are our own.
*Leo.* *I* think ſo; *I* am cozen'd elſe; *I* would but ſee now
A way to fetch theſe off, and ſave their honours.
*Dem.* Only their lives.
*Leo.* Pray ye take no way of Peace now,
Unleſs it be with infinite advantage.
*Dem.* *I* ſhall be rul'd;
*Enter* Trumpet *and* Herold.
Let the Battels now move forward,
Our ſelf will give the Signal:
Now Herold, What's your Meſſage?
*Her.* From my Maſters
This honourable courteſie, a Parley
For half an hour, no more Sir.
*Dem.* Let 'em come on,
They have my Princely word.
*Enter* Seleucus, Lyſimachus, Ptolomy, Attendants, Souldiers.
*Her.* They are here to attend ye.
*Dem.* Now Princes, your demands?
*Sel.* Peace, if it may be
Without the too much tainture of our honour:
Peace, and wee'l buy it too.
*Dem.* At what price?
*Ly.* Tribute.
*Ptol.* At all the charge of this War.
*Leo.* That will not do.
*Sel.* *Leontius*, you and *I* have ſerv'd together,
And run through many a Fortune with our Swords
Brothers in wounds, and health; one Meat has fed us,
One tent a thouſand times from cold night cover'd us:
Our loves have been but one; and had we died then,
One Monument had held our Names, and Actions:
Why do you ſet upon your Friends ſuch Prizes?
And Sacrifice to giddy chance ſuch Trophies?
Have we forgot to dye? or are our Vertues
Leſs in Afflictions conſtant, than our Fortunes?
Ye are deceiv'd old Soldier.
*Leo.* I know your worths,
And thus low bow in reverence to your Vertues:
Were theſe my Wars, or lead my power in chief here,
I knew then how to meet your Memories:

They

They are my Kings imployments; this Man fights now
To whom I owe all duty, faith, and ſervice;
This man that fled before ye: call back that,
That bloody day again, call that diſgrace home,
And then an eaſiy peace, may ſheath our ſwords up.
I am not greedy of your lives and fortunes,
Nor do I gape ungratefully to ſwallow ye,
Honour the ſpur of all illuſtrious natures,
That made you famous Souldiers, and next Kings,
And not ambitious envy ſtrikes me forward,
Will ye unarm, and yeild your ſelves his priſoners?
*Sel.* We never knew what that ſound ment: no gives
Shall ever bind this body, but embraces;
Nor weight of ſorrow here, till earth fall on me.
*Leo.* Expect our charge then.
*Lyſ.* 'Tis the nobler courteſie:
And ſo we leave the hand of heaven to bleſs us.
*Dem.* Stay, have you any hope?
*Cel.* We have none left us,
But that one comfort of our deaths together;
Give us but room to fight.
*Leo.* Win it, and wear it.
*Ptol.* Call from the hills thoſe companies hang ore us
Like burſting clouds; and then break in, and take us.
*Dem.* Find ſuch a Souldier will forſake advantage,
And we'll draw off, to ſhew I dare be noble,
And hang a light out to ye in this darkneſs,
The light of peace; give up thoſe Cities, forts,
And all thoſe frontire Countryes to our uſes.
*Sel.* Is this the peace? traitours to thoſe that feed us,
Our Gods and people? give our Countryes from us?
*Lyſ.* Begin the knell, it ſounds a great deal ſweeter.
*Ptol.* Let looſe your ſervant death.
*Sel.* Fall fate upon us,
Our memories ſhall never ſtink behind us.
*Dem. Seleucus*, great *Seleucus*.
*Ptol.* The Prince calls Sir.
*Dem.* Thou ſtock of nobleneſs, and curteſie,
Thou father of the War——
*Leo.* What means the Prince now?
*Dem.* Give me my Standard here.
*Lyſ.* His angers melted.
*Dem.* You Gentlemen that were his Priſoners,
And felt the bounty of that noble nature,
Lay all your hands, and bear theſe Colours to him,
The Standard of the Kingdom; take it Soldier.

*Ptol.* What

*Ptol.* What will this mean?
*Dem.* Thou haſt won it, bear it off,
And draw thy Men home whilſt we wait upon thee.
*Sel.* You ſhall have all our Countries.
*Lyſ. Ptol.* All by Heaven Sir.
*Dem. I* will not have a Stone, a Bruſh, a Bramble,
No, in the way of curteſie, *I'll* ſtart ye;
Draw off, and make a Lane through all the Army,
That theſe that have ſubdu'd us, may March through us.
*Sel.* Sir, do not make me ſurfet with ſuch goodneſs,
I'll bear your Standard for ye; follow ye.
*Dem.* I Swear it ſhall be ſo, March through me fairly;
And thine be this days honour, great *Seleucus.*
*Ptol.* Mirrour of noble Minds.
*Dem.* Nay then ye hate me.
*Leo. I* cannot ſpeak now: [*Ex. with Drums and Shouts.*
Well, go thy wayes, at a ſure piece of bravery
Thou art the beſt, theſe Men are won by th' necks now:
I'll ſend a Poſt away.

---

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Ant.* NO aptneſs in her?
*Men.* Not an immodeſt motion,
And yet ſhe is as free, and when ſhe is courted,
Makes as wild witty anſwers.
*Ant.* This more fires me, I muſt not have her thus.
*Men.* We cannot alter her.
*Ant.* Have you put the youths upon her?
*Men.* All that know any thing,
And have been ſtudied how to catch a Beauty,
But like ſo many Whelps about an Elephant——
The Prince is coming home Sir.
*Ant.* I hear that too,
But that's no matter; Am I alter'd well?
*Men.* Not to be known I think Sir.
*Ant. I* muſt ſee her.
*Enter* 2 Gentlemen, *or* Lords.
1 *Gent.* I offer'd all I had, all I could think of,
I try'd her through all the points o'th' Compaſs, I think.
2 *Gent.* She ſtudies to undo the Court, to plant here
The enemy to our Age, Chaſtity:
She is the firſt, that e're bauked a cloſe Arbour,
And the ſweet contents within: She hates curl'd heads too,

And

And ſetting up of Beards ſhe ſwears is Idolatry.

1. *Gent.* I never knew ſo fair a Face ſo froze;
Yet ſhe would make one think———

2 *Gent.* True by her carriage, for ſhe's as wanton as a kid to th' out ſide, as full of mocks and taunts: I kiſs'd her hand too, walkt with her half an hour.

1 *Gent.* She heard me ſing,
And ſung her ſelf too; ſhe ſings admirably;
But ſtill, when any hopes was, as 'tis her trick
To miniſter enough of thoſe, then preſently
With ſome new flam or other, nothing to th' matter,
And ſuch a frown, as would ſink all before her,
She takes her chamber; come we ſhall not be the laſt fools.

2 *Gent.* Not by a hundred I hope; 'tis a ſtrange wench.

*Ant.* This ſcrews me up ſtill higher.

*Enter* Celia, *and* Ladies *behind her.*

*Men.* Here ſhe comes Sir.

*Ant.* Then be you gone: and take the women with ye,
And lay thoſe Jewels in her way.

*Cel.* If I ſtay longer
I ſhall number as many lovers as *Lais* did;
How they flock after me? upon my conſcience,
I have had a dozen horſes given me this morning,
I'll ev'n ſet up a troop, and turn ſhe ſouldier,
A good diſcreet wench now, that were not hidebound
Might raiſe a fine eſtate here, and ſuddenly:
For theſe warm things will give their ſouls——I can go no where
Without a world of offering to my excellence:
I am a Queen, a Goddeſs, I know not what——
And no conſtellation in all heaven, but I outſhine it;
And they have found out now I have no eyes
Of mortal lights, but certaine influences,
Strange vertuous lightnings, humane nature ſtarts at,
And I can kill my twenty in a morning,
With as much eaſe now——
Ha? what are theſe; new projects?
Where are my honourable Ladies? Are you out too?
Nay then I muſt buy the Stock, ſend me good carding;
I hope the Princes hand, be not in this ſport;
I have not ſeen him yet, cannot hear from him,
And that, that troubles me: all theſe were recreations,
Had I but his ſweet company to Laugh with me:
What Fellow's that? Another Apparition?
This is the Loving'ſt Age: I ſhould know that face,
Sure I have ſeen't before, not long ſince neither.

*Ant.* She ſees me now: O heaven, a moſt rare creature!

*Cel.* Yes, 'tis the ſame: I will take no notice of ye,

But

But if I do not fit ye, let me fry for't;
Is all this Cackling for your egg; they are fair ones,
Excellent rich no doubt too; and may ſtumble
A good ſtaid mind, but I can go thus by 'em;
My honeſt friend, do you ſet off theſe Jewels?

*Ant.* Set 'em off, Lady?

*Cel.* I mean, ſell 'em here, Sir?

*Ant.* She's very quick: for ſale they are not meant ſure.

*Cel.* For ſanctity I think much leſs: good ev'n Sir.

*Ant.* Nay noble Lady, ſtay: 'tis you muſt wear 'em:
Never look ſtrange, they are worthy your beſt beauty.

*Cel.* Did you ſpeak to me?

*Ant.* To you or to none living:
To you they are ſent, to you they are ſacrificed.

*Cel.* I'll never look a Horſe i'th' mouth that's given:
I thank ye, Sir: I'll ſend one to reward ye.

*Ant.* Do you never ask who ſent 'em?

*Cel.* Never I:
Nor never care, if it be an honeſt end,
That end's the full reward, and thanks but ſlubber it;
If it be ill, I will not urge the acquaintance.

*Ant.* This has a ſoul indeed: pray let me tell ye——

*Cel.* I care not if ye do, ſo you do it handſomly,
And not ſtand picking of your words.

*Ant.* The King ſent 'em.

*Cel* Away, away, thou art ſome fooliſh fellow, and now I think thou haſt ſtole 'em too; the King ſent 'em? Alas good man, wouldſt thou make me believe he has nothing to do with things of theſe worths, but wantonly to fling 'em? he's an old man, a good old man, they ſay too: I dare ſwear full many a year ago he left theſe gambols: here, take your trinkets.

*Ant.* Sure I do not lye, Lady.

*Cel.* I know thou lyeſt extreamly, damnably:
Thou haſt a lying face.

*Ant.* I was never thus ratled. (*Aſide.*

*Cel.* But ſay I ſhould believe: why are theſe ſent me?
And why art thou the Meſſenger? who art thou?

*Ant.* Lady, look on 'em wiſely, and then conſider who can ſend ſuch as theſe, but a King only? and, to what beauty can they be oblations, but only yours? For me that am the carrier, 'tis only fit you know I am his ſervant, and have fulfil'd his will

*Cel.* You are ſhort and pithy;
What muſt my beauty do for theſe?

*Ant.* Sweet Lady, you cannot be ſo hard of underſtanding, when a King's favour ſhines upon ye glorioufly, and ſpeaks his love in theſe——

*Cel.* O then love's the matter; Sir reverence love: now I begin to feel ye: and I ſhould be the Kings Whore, a brave title: and go as glorious as

the Sun, O brave ſtill: the chief Commandreſs of his Concubines, hurried from place to place to meet his pleaſures.

*Ant.* A deviliſh ſubt il wench, but a rare ſpirit. [*Aſide.*

*Cel.* And when the good old ſpunge has ſuckt my youth dry, and left ſome of his Royal aches i' my bones: when time ſhall tell me I have plough'd my life up, and caſt long furrows in my face to ſink me.

*Ant.* You muſt not think ſo, Lady.

*Cel.* Then can theſe, Sir,
Theſe precious things, the price of youth and beauty;
This ſhop here of ſin-offerings ſet me off again?
Can it reſtore me chaſte, young, innocent?
Purge me to what I was? add to my memory
An honeſt and a noble fame? The Kings device?
The ſin's as univerſal as the Sun is,
And lights an everlaſting Torch to ſhame me.

*Ant.* Do you hold ſo ſlight account of a great Kings favonr,
That all knees bow to purchaſe?

*Cel.* Prethee peace: If thou knewſt how ill favouredly thy tale becomes thee, and what ill root it takes——

*Ant.* You would be wiſer.

*Cel.* Could the King find no ſhape to ſhift his pander into,
But reverend Age? and one ſo like himſelf too?

*Ant.* She has found me out.

*Cel.* Cozen the world with gravity?
Prethee reſolve me one thing, do's the King love thee?

*Ant.* I think he do's.

*Cel.* It ſeems ſo by thy Office: he loves thy uſe, and when that's ended, hates thee: thou ſeemeſt to me a Souldier.

*Ant.* Yes, I am one.

*Cel.* And haſt fought for thy Country?

*Ant.* Many a time.

*Cel.* May be, commanded too?

*Ant.* I have done, Lady.

*Cel.* O wretched man, below the ſtate of pity!
Canſt thou forget thou wert begot in honour?
A free Companion for a King? a Souldier?
Whoſe Nobleneſs dare feel no want, but Enemies?
Canſt thou forget this, and decline ſo wretchedly,
To eat the Bread of Bawdry, of baſe Bawdry?
Feed on the ſcum of Sin? fling thy Sword from thee?
Diſhonour to the noble name that nurſed thee?
Go, beg diſeaſes: let them be thy Armours,
Thy fights, the flames of Luſt, and their foul iſſues.

*Ant.* Why then I am a King, and mine own Speaker.

*Cel.* And I as free as you, mine own Diſpoſer: There, take your Jewels; let them give them luſtres that have dark Lives and Souls; wear 'em your ſelf,

ſelf, Sir, you'l ſeem a Devil elſe.

*Ant.* I command ye ſtay.

*Cel.* Be juſt, *I* am commanded.

*Ant.* *I* will not wrong ye.

*Cel.* Then thus low falls my duty.

*Ant.* Can ye love me? ſay *I*, and all *I* have——

*Cel.* *I* cannot love ye; without the breach of faith *I* cannot hear ye; ye hand upon my love, like froſts on Lilies: *I* can dye, but *I* cannot love: you are anſwer'd. *Exit.*

*Ant.* *I* muſt find apter means, *I* love her truly. *Exit.*

Scæne 2. *Enter* Demetr. Leon. Lieu. Gent. Sould. *and* Hoſt.

*Dem.* Hither do you ſay ſhe is come?

*Hoſt.* Yes Sir, *I* am ſure on't: for whilſt *I* waited 'on ye, putting my Wife in truſt, I know not by what means, but the King found her, and hither ſhe was brought; how, or to what end——

*Dem.* My Father found her?

*Hoſt.* So my Wife informs me.

*Dem.* *Leontius*, pray draw off the Souldiers,
*I* would a while be private.

*Leon.* Fall off Gentlemen, the Prince would be alone. *Ex.* Leo. *and* Soul.

*Dem.* Is he ſo cunning? there is ſome trick in this, and you muſt know it, and be an agent too: which if it prove ſo———

*Hoſt.* Pull me to pieces, Sir.

*Dem.* My Father found her?
My Father brought her hither? went ſhe willingly?

*Hoſt.* My Wife ſays full of doubts.

*Dem.* *I* cannot blame her,
No more: there's no truſt, no faith in mankind.

*Enter* Antigonus, Menippus, Leontius, *and* Souldiers.

*Ant.* Keep her up cloſe, he muſt not come to ſee her:
You are welcome nobly now, welcome home Gentlemen;
You have done a courteour ſervice on the Enemy
Has tyed his Faith for ever; you ſhall find it;
Ye are not now in's debt Son: ſtill your ſad looks?
*Leontius*, what's the matter?

*Leo.* Truth Sir, *I* know not.
We have been merry ſince we went.

*Lieu.* *I* feel it.

*Ant.* Come, what's the matter now? do you want money?
Sure he has heard o'th' wench.

*Dem.* Is that a want, Sir?
*I* would fain ſpeak to your Grace.

*Ant.* You may do freely.

*Dem.* And not deſerve your anger?

*Ant.* That you may too.

*Dem.* There was a Gentlewoman, and ſometime my priſoner,
Which *I* thought well of Sir: your Grace conceives me.

*Ant.* *I* do indeed, and with much grief conceive ye; with full as much grief as your Mother bare you. There was ſuch a Woman: would *I* might as well ſay, there was no ſuch, *Demetrius.*

*Dem.* She was vertuous, and therefore not unfit my youth to love her: ſhe was as fair———

*Ant.* Her beauty I'll proclaim too, to be as rich as ever raign'd in Woman; but how ſhe made that good, the Devil knows.

*Dem.* She was——O Heaven!

*Ant.* The Hell to all thy glories,
Swallow'd thy youth, made Shipwrack of thine honour: ſhe was a Devil.

*Dem.* Ye are my Father, Sir.

*Ant.* And ſince ye take a pride to ſhew your follies,
I'll muſter 'em, and all the World ſhall view 'em.

*Leo.* What heat is this? the Kings eyes ſpeak his Anger.

*Ant.* Thou haſt abus'd thy youth, drawn to thy Fellowſhip, inſtead of Arts and Arms, a Womans kiſſes, the ſubtilties, and ſoft heats of a Harlot.

*Dem.* Good Sir, miſtake her not.

*Ant.* A Witch, a Sorcereſs:
I tell thee but the truth; and hear *Demetrius,*
Which has ſo dealt upon thy blood with charms,
Deviliſh and dark; ſo lockt up all thy Vertues;
So pluckt thee back from what thou ſprungſt from, glorious.

*Dem.* O Heaven, that any tongue but his durſt ſay this!
That any heart durſt harbour it! Dread Father,
If for the innocent the gods allow us
To bend our knees——

*Ant.* Away, thou art bewitch'd ſtill;
Though ſhe be dead, her power ſtill lives upon thee.

*Dem.* Dead? O ſacred Sir: Dead did you ſay?

*Ant.* She is dead, fool.

*Dem.* It is not poſſible: be not ſo angry,
Say ſhe is faln under your ſad diſpleaſure,
Or any thing but dead, ſay ſhe is baniſhed,
Invent a crime, and I'll believe it, Sir.

*Ant.* Dead by the Law: we found her Hell, and her,
I mean her Charms and Spells, for which ſhe periſh'd,
And ſhe confeſt ſhe drew thee to thy ruine,
And purpos'd it, purpos'd my Empires overthrow.

*Dem.* But is ſhe dead? Was there no pity Sir?
If her youth err'd, Was there no mercy ſhown her?
Did ye look on her Face, when ye Condemn'd her?

*Ant.* I look'd into her heart, and there ſhe was hideous.

*Dem.* Can ſhe be dead? Can vertue fall untimely?

*Ant.* She is dead, deſervingly ſhe died.

*Dem.* I have done then. O matchleſs ſweetneſs, whither art thou vaniſhed? O thou fair ſoul of all thy Sex, what Paradiſe haſt thou inrich'd and bleſt? I am your Son, Sir, and to all you ſhall command ſtand moſt obedient; only a little time I muſt intreat you to ſtudy to forget her; 'twill not be long, Sir, nor I long after it: Art thou dead *Celia*? Dead my poor Wench? my joy, pluckt green with violence: O fair ſweet flower, farewell? Come thou deſtroyer Sorrow, thou melter of the Soul, dwell with me; dwell with me ſolitary thoughts, tears, cryings, nothing that loves the day, love me, or ſeek me, nothing that loves its own life haunt about me: and Love, I charge thee, never charm mine eyes more, nor ne're betray a Beauty to my curſes: for I ſhall curſe all now, hate all, forſwear all, and all the brood of fruitful nature vex at, for ſhe is gone that was all, and *I* nothing——

[*Ex.* and *Gent.*

*Ant.* This opinion muſt be maintain'd.

*Men.* It ſhall be, Sir.

*Ant.* Let him go; I can at mine own pleaſure draw him to th' right again: wait your *Inſtructions*, and ſee the Souldier paid *Leontius*: once more ye are wellcome all.

*All.* Health to your Majeſty. [*Exit.* Antig. *&c.*

*Leo.* Thou wenteſt along the journey, How canſt thou tell?

*Hoſt.* *I* did, but I am ſure 'tis ſo: had I ſtaid behind,
*I* think this had not proved.

*Leo.* A Wench the reaſon?

*Lieu.* Who's that talks of a Wench there?

*Leo.* All this diſcontent
About a Wench?

*Lieu.* Where is this Wench, good Colonel?

*Leo.* Prithee hold thy Peace: Who calls thee to Counſel?

*Lieu.* Why, if there be a Wench——

*Leo.* 'Tis fit thou know her:

*Enter* 2 Gentlemen.

That I'll ſay for thee, and as fit thou art for her,
Let her be mew'd or ſtopt: How is it Gentlemen?

1. *Gent.* He's wondrous diſcontent, he'll ſpeak to no Man.

2. *Gent.* H'has taken his Chamber cloſe, admits no entrance;
Tears in his eyes, and cryings out.

*Hoſt.* 'Tis ſo, Sir,
And now *I* wiſh my ſelf half hang'd e're I went this journey.

*Leo.* What is this Woman?

*Lieu.* I.

*Hoſt.* I cannot tell ye,
But handſome as Heaven.

*Lieu.* She is not ſo high I hope, Sir.

*Leo.* Where is ſhe?

*Lieu.* *I*, that would be known.

*Leo.* VVhy, Sirrah.

*Hoſt.* I cannot ſhow ye neither;
The King has now diſpos'd of her.

*Leo.* There lies the matter:
VVill he admit none to come to comfort him?

*1. Gent.* Not any near, nor, let 'em knock their hearts out,
VVill never ſpeak.

*Lieu.* 'Tis the beſt way if he have her;
For look you, a Man would be loth to be diſturb'd in's paſtime;
'Tis every good Man's caſe.

*Leo.* 'Tis all thy Living, we muſt not ſuffer this, we dare not ſuffer it: for when theſe tender Souls meet deep afflictions, they are not ſtrong enough to ſtruggle with 'em, but drop away as Snow does, from a Mountain, and in the torrent of their own ſighs ſink themſelves: I will, and muſt ſpeak to him.

*Lieu.* So muſt I too:
He promis'd me a charge.

*Leo.* Of what? of Children
Upon my Conſcience, thou haſt a double company,
And all of thy own begetting already.

*Lieu.* That's all one, I'll raiſe 'em to a Regiment, und then command 'em, when they turn diſobedient, unbeget 'em: knock 'em o'th' head, and put in new.

*Leo.* A rare way; but for all this, thou art not valiant enough to dare to ſee the Prince now?

*Lieu.* Do ye think he's angry?

1 *Gent.* Extreamly vext.

2 *Gent.* To the endangering of any Man comes near him.

1. *Gent.* Yet, if thou couldſt but win him out, what e're thy ſuit were, believe it granted preſently.

*Leo.* Yet thou muſt think though,
That in the doing he may break upon ye,
And——

*Lieu.* If he do not kill me.

*Leo.* There's the queſtion.

*Lieu.* For half a dozen hurts.

*Leo.* Art thou ſo valiant?

*Lieu.* Not abſolutely ſo neither: no it cannot be, I want my Impoſtumes, and my things about mt, yet I'll make danger, Colonel.

*Leo.* 'Till be rare ſport, howe'r it take; give me thy hand; if thou doſt this, I'll raiſe thee up a Horſe Troop, take my word for't.

*Lieu.* VVhat may be done by humane Man.

*Leo.* Let's go then.

1 *Gent.* Away before he cool: he will relapſe elſe. [*Exit.*

Scæne 3.

Scæne 3. *Enter* Antigonus, Menippus, *and* Leucippe.

*Ant.* VVill ſhe not yield?
*Leu.* For all we can urge to her;
I ſwore you would Marry her, ſhe laugh'd extreamly,
And then ſhe rail'd like Thunder.
*Ant.* Call in the *Magician.*
*Enter* Magician *with a Bowl.*
*I* muſt, and will obtain her, *I* am aſhes elſe.
Are all the Philters in? Charms, Powder, Roots?
*Mag.* They are all in; and now *I* only ſtay
The Invocation of ſome helping Spirits.
*Ant.* To your work then, and diſpatch.
*Mag.* Sit ſtill, and fear not.
*Lieu.* *I* ſhall ne'r endure theſe ſights.
*Ant.* Away with the VVoman: go wait without.
*Leu.* VVhen the Devil's gone, pray call me. (*Exit.*
*Ant.* Be ſure you make it powerful enough.
*Mag.* Pray doubt not—— *He Conjures.*

A SONG.

*RIſe from the Shades below,*
*All you that prove*
*The helps of looſer Love;*
*Riſe and beſtow*
*Upon this Cup, whatever may compel*
*By powerful Charm, and unreſiſted Spell.*
*A Heart un-warm'd to melt in Loves deſires,*
*Diſtill into this Liquor all your fires:*
*Heats, longings, tears,*
*But keep back frozen fears;*
*That ſhe may know, that has all power defy'd,*
*Art is a power that will not be deny'd.*

The ANSVVER.

*I Obey, I Obey,*
*And am come to view the day,*
*Brought along, all may compel,*
*All the Earth has, and our Hell:*
*Here's a little, little Flower,*
*This will make her ſweat an hour,*
*Then unto ſuch flames ariſe,*
*A thouſand joys will not ſuffice.*
*Here's the powder of the Moon,*
*With which ſhe caught* Endymion;
*The powerful Tears that* Venus *cry'd,*
*When the Boy* Adonis *dy'd*
*Here's* Medea's *Charm, with which*
Jaſon's *heart ſhe did bewitch,*
Omphale *this Spell put in,*
*When ſhe made the* Libyan *ſpin.*
*This dull root pluckt from* Lethe *flood,*
*Purges all pure thoughts, and good.*

*Theſe I ſtir thus, round, round, round,*
*Whilſt our light feet beat the ground.*

*Mag.* Now Sir, 'tis full, and whoſoever drinks this
Shall violently doat upon your Perſon,
And never ſleep nor eat unſatisfied:
So many hours 'twill work, and work with Violence;
And thoſe expir'd, 'tis done. You have my art, Sir.

*Enter*

*Enter* Leucippe.

*Ant.* See him rewarded liberally——*Leucippe*,
Here, take this Bowl, and when ſhe calls for Wine next,
Be ſure you give her this, and ſee her drink it;
Delay no time when ſhe calls next.

*Leu.* I ſhall, Sir.

*Ant.* Let none elſe touch it on your life.

*Leu.* *I* am charg'd, Sir.

*Ant.* Now if ſhe have an Antidote Art, let her 'ſcape me. (*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Leontius, Lieutenant, Gent.

1 *Gent.* There's the Door, Lieutenant, if you dare do any thing.

*Leo.* Here's no man waits.

1 *Gent.* H'as given a charge that none ſhall,
Nor none ſhall come within the hearing of him:
Dare ye go forward?

*Lieu.* Let me put on my Skull firſt.
My head's almoſt beaten into th' pap of an Apple.
Are there no Guns i'th' door?

*Leo.* The Rogue will do it.
And yet *I* know he has no Stomach to't.

*Lieu.* What loop-holes are there when *I* knock, for ſtones,
For thoſe may pepper me? *I* can perceive none.

*Leo.* How he views the Fortification.

*Lieu.* Farewel Gentlemen,
*If I* be kill'd——

*Leo.* We'll ſee thee buried bravely.

*Lieu.* Away, how ſhould *I* know that then? *I*'ll knock ſoftly.
Pray heaven he ſpeaks in a low voice now to comfort me:
*I* feel *I* have no heart to't:——*Is*'t well, Gentlemen?
Colonel, my Troop——

*Leo.* A little louder.

*Lieu.* Stay, ſtay;
Here is a window, *I* will ſee, ſtand wide.
By——he's charging of a Gun.

*Leo.* There's no ſuch matter.
There's no body in this room.

*Lieu.* O 'twas a fire-ſhovel:
Now I'll knock louder; if he ſay who's there?
As ſure he has ſo much manners, then will *I* anſwer him
So finely and demurely; my Troop Colonel—— *Knocks louder.*

1 *Gent.* Knock louder, Fool, he hears not.

*Lieu.* You fool, do you.
Do and you dare now.

1 *Gent.* *I* do not undertake it.

*Lieu.* Then hold your peace, and mddle with your own matters.

*Leo.* Now he will knock. (*Knocks louder.*

*Lieu.* Sir,

*Lieu.* Sir, Sir, will't pleaſe you hear Sir? your Grace, I'll look again, what's that?

*Leo.* He's there now. Lord! How he ſtares! I ne'r yet ſaw him thus alter'd: Stand now, and take the Troop.

*Lieu.* Would I were in't, and a good horſe under me: I muſt knock again, the Devil's at my fingers ends: He comes now. Now Colonel, if I live——

*Leo.* The Troop's thine own Boy.

*Enter* Demetrius, *a Piſtol.*

*Dem.* What deſperate fool, ambitious of his ruine?

*Lieu.* Your Father, would deſire ye, Sir, to come to dinner.

*Dem.* Thou art no more. *Lieu.* Now, now, now, now.

*Dem.* Poor Coxcomb: why do I aim at thee? *Exit.*

*Leo.* His fear has kill'd him.

*Enter* Leucippe *with a Bowl.*

2 *Gent.* I proteſt he's almoſt ſtiff: bend him and rub him, hold his Noſe cloſe, you if you be a woman, help us a little: here's a man near periſh'd.

*Leu.* Alas alas, I have nothing here about me. Look to my Bowl; I'll run in preſently and fetch ſome waters: bend him, and ſet him upwards. *Exit.*

*Leo.* A goodly man———Here's a brave heart: he's warm again: you ſhall not leave us i'th' lurch ſo, Sirrah.

2 *Gent.* Now he breaths too.

*Leo.* If we had but any drink to raiſe his Spirits. What's that i'th' Bowl? upon my life, good Liquor, ſhe would not own it elſe.

1 *Gent.* He ſees.

*Leo.* Look up Boy. And take this Cup, and drink it off; I'll pledge thee. Guide it to his mouth, he ſwallows heartily.

2 *Gent.* Oh! fear and ſorrow's dry; 'tis off———

*Leo.* Stand up man. *Lieu.* Am I not ſhot?

*Leo.* Away with him, and chear him; thou haſt won thy Troop.

*Lieu.* I think I won it bravely.

*Leo.* Go, I muſt ſee the Prince, he muſt not live thus; and let me hear an hour hence from ye. Well Sir——— *Exeunt* Gent. *and* Lieu.

*Enter* Leucippe *with water.*

*Leu.* Here, here: where's the ſick Gentleman?

*Leo.* He's up, and gone, Lady. *Leu.* Alas, that I came ſo late.

*Leo.* He muſt ſtill thank ye; ye left that in a Cup here did him comfort.

*Leu.* That in the Bowl?

*Leo.* Yes truly, very much comfort, he drank it off, and after it ſpoke luſtily.

*Leu.* Did he drink it all? *Leo.* All off.

*Leu.* The Devil choak him; I am undone: h'as twenty Devils in him; undone for ever, left he none? *Leo.* I think not.

*Leu.* No, not a drop: what ſhall become of me now? had he no where elſe to ſwound? a vengeance ſwound him: Undone, undone, undone: ſtay, I can lye yet and ſwear too at a pinch, that's all my comfort. Look to him; I ſay look to him, and but mark what follows. *Exit.*

*Enter* Demetrius.

*Leo.* What a Devil ails the Woman? here comes the Prince again, with ſuch a ſadneſs on his face, as ſorrow, ſorrow her ſelf but poorly imitates. Sorrow of Sorrows on that heart that caus'd it.

*Dem.* Why might ſhe not be falſe and treacherous to me? and found ſo by my Father? ſhe was a Woman, and many a one of that Sex, young and fair, as full of faith as ſhe, have fallen, and foully.

*Leo.* It is a Wench! O that I knew the circumſtance.

*Dem.* Why might not, to preſerve me from this ruine, ſhe having loſt her honour, and abuſed me, my father change the forms o'th' coins, and execute his anger on a falt ſhe ne'r committed, only to keep me ſafe? why ſhould I think ſo? She never was to me, but all obedience, ſweetneſs and love.

*Leo.* How heartily he weeps now? I have not wept this thirty years, and upward; but now, if I ſhould be hang'd I cannot hold from't: It grieves me to the heart.

*Dem.* Who's that that mocks me?

*Leo.* A plague of him that mocks ye: I grieve truly, truly, and heartily to ſee you thus, Sir: and if it lay in my power, gods are my witneſs, who e'r he be that took your ſweet peace from you; I am not ſo old yet, nor want I ſpirit——

*Dem.* No more of that, no more *Leontius*, revenges are the gods: our part is ſufferance: farewel, I ſhall not ſee thee long.

*Leo.* Good Sir, tell me the cauſe, *I* know there is a woman in't; do you hold me faithful? dare you truſt your Souldier? ſweet Prince, the cauſe?

*Dem.* *I* muſt not, dare not tell it, and as thou art an honeſt man, enquire not.

*Leo.* Will ye be merry then? *Dem.* *I* am, wondrous merry.

*Leo.* 'Tis wondrous well: you think now this becomes ye. Shame on't, it does not, Sir, it ſhews not handſomely; If I were thus; you would ſwear I were an Aſs ſtraight; a wooden aſs; whine for a Wench?

*Dem.* Prithee leave me.

*Leo.* I will not leave ye for a tit. *Dem.* *Leontius!*

*Leo.* For that you may have any where for ſix pence, and a dear penny worth too.

*Dem.* Nay, then you are troubleſome.

*Leo.* Not half ſo troubleſome as you are to your ſelf, Sir; was that brave Heart made to pant for a placket: and now i'th' dog-days too, when nothing dare love! That noble Mind to melt away and moulder for a hey nonny, nonny! Would I had a Glaſs here, to ſhew ye what a pretty toy ye are turn'd to.

*Dem.* My wretched Fortune.

*Leo.* Will ye but let me know her? I'll once turn Bawd: go to, they are good mens offices, and not ſo contemptible as we take 'em for: and if ſhe be above ground, and a Woman; I ask no more; I'll bring her o' my back, Sir, By this hand I will, and I had as lieve bring the Devil, I care not who ſhe be, nor where I have her; and in your arms, or the next Bed deliver her, which you think fitteſt, and when you have danc'd your galliard.

*Dem.* Away,

*Dem.* Away, and fool to them are ſo affected: O thou art gone, and all my comfort with thee! Wilt thou do one thing for me?

*Leo.* All things i'th' World, Sir, of all dangers.

*Dem.* Swear. *Leo.* I will.

*Dem.* Come near me no more then. *Leo.* How?

*Dem.* Come no more near me: thou art a plague-ſore to me. *Exit.*

*Leo.* Give you good ev'n Sir; If you be ſuffer'd thus, we ſhall have fine ſport. I will be ſorry yet.

*Enter* 2 Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* How now, how does he?

*Leo.* Nay, if I tell ye, hang me, or any man elſe that hath his nineteen wits; he has the bots I think, he groans, and roars, and kicks.

2 *Gent.* Will he ſpeak yet?

*Leo.* Not willingly: ſhortly he will not ſee a man; if ever I look'd upon a Prince ſo metamorphos'd, ſo juggl'd into *I* know not what, ſhame take me; this 'tis to be in love.

1 *Gent.* Is that the cauſe on't?

*Leo.* What is it not the cauſe of but bear-baitings? And yet it ſtinks much like it: out upon't; what giants, and what dwarffs what owls and apes, what dogs, and cats it makes us? men that are poſſeſt with it, live as if they had a Legion of Devils in 'em, and every Devil of a ſeveral nature; nothing but Hey-paſs,, re-paſs: where's the *Lieutenant*? Has he gather'd up the end on's wits again?

1 *Gent.* He is alive: but you that talk of wonders, ſhew me but ſuch a wonder as he is now.

*Leo.* Why, he was ever at the worſt a wonder.

2 *Gent.* He is now moſt wonderful; a Blazer now, Sir.

*Leo.* What ails the Fool? and what Star reigns now Gentlemen we have ſuch Prodigies?

2 *Gent.* 'Twill poſe your heaven-hunters; he talks now of the King, no other language, and with the King as he imagines, hourly. Courts the King, drinks to the King, dies for the King, buys all the Pictures of the King, wears the Kings colours.

*Leo.* Does he not lye i'th' King ſtreet too?

1 *Gent.* He's going thither, makes prayers for the King in ſundry languages, turns all his Proclamations into metre; is really in love with the King, moſt dotingly, and ſwears *Adonis* was a Devil to him: A ſweet King, a moſt comely King, and ſuch a King ——

2 *Gent.* Then down on's murrow-bones; O excellent King, thus he begins, Thou Light, and Life of Creatures, Angel-ey'd King, vouchſafe at length thy favour; and ſo proceeds to inciſion: what thinſt ye of this ſorrow?

1 *Gent.* Will as familiarly kiſs the Kings horſes as they paſs by him: ready to raviſh his footmen.

*Leo.* Why, this is above Ela? but how comes this?

1 *Gent.* Nay that's to underſtand yet, but thus it is, and this part but the pooreſt, 'twould make a man leap over the Moon to ſee him act theſe.

2 *Gent.* With ſighs as though his heart would break: cry like a breech'd boy, not eat a bit.

*Leo.* I muſt go ſee him preſently, for this is ſuch a gig, for certain Gentlemen, the Fiend rides on a Fiddle-ſtick.

2 *Gent.* I think ſo.

*Leo.* Can ye guide me to him for half an hour? I am his to ſee the miracle.

1 *Gent.* We ſure ſhall ſtart him. *Exeunt.*

Scæne 5. *Enter* Antigonus *and* Leucippe.

*Ant.* Are you ſure ſhe drank it?

*Leu.* Now muſt I lye moſt confidently. Yes Sir, ſhe has drunk it off.

*Ant.* How works it with her? *Leu.* I ſee no alteration yet.

*Ant.* There will be, for he is the greateſt Artiſt living made it. Where is ſhe now? *Leu.* She is ready to walk out, Sir.

*Ant.* Stark mad, I know ſhe will be. *Leu.* So I hope, Sir.

*Ant.* She knows not of the Prince? *Leu.* Of no man living——

*Ant.* How do I look! how do my cloaths become me? I am not very grey.

*Leu.* A very youth, Sir, upon my maiden-head as ſmug as *April*; heaven bleſs that ſweet face, 'twill undo a thouſand; many a ſoft heart muſt ſob yet, e'r that wither, your Grace can give content enough.

*Enter* Celia *with a Book.*

*Ant.* I think ſo. *Leu.* Here ſhe comes, Sir.

*Ant.* How ſhall I keep her off me? go, and perfume the room: make all things ready. *Exit. Leu.*

*Cel.* No hope yet of the Prince! no comfort of him! they keep me mew'd up here, as they mew mad folks, no company but my afflictions. This royal Devil again! ſtrange, how he hants me! how like a poyſon'd potion his eyes fright me! has made himſelf handſome too.

*Ant.* Do you look now, Lady? you will leap anon. (*Aſide*

*Cel.* Cnrl'd and Perfum'd? I ſmell him; he looks on's Legs too, ſure he will cut a Caper; God a Mercy dear *December*.

*Ant.* O do you ſmile now; I knew it would work with you; come hither pretty one. *Cel.* Sir.

*Ant.* I like thoſe Court'ſies well; come hither and kiſs me.

*Cel.* I am reading, Sir, of a ſhort Treatiſe here, that's call'd the Vanity of Luſt: Has your Grace ſeen it? He ſays here, that an Old Man's looſe deſire, is like the Glow-worms light, the Apes ſo wondr'd at; which, when they gather'd Sticks, and laid upon't, and blew, and blew, turn'd Tail, and went out preſently: And in another place he calls their Loves, Faint ſmells of dying Flowers, carry no comforts; they're doting, ſtinking Foggs, ſo thick and muddy, Reaſon with all his beams cannot beat through 'em.

*Ant.* How's this? Is this the Potion, you but foole ſtill. I know you love me.

*Cel.* As you are juſt and honeſt; I know I love and honour you; admire you.

*Ant.* This makes againſt me, fearfully againſt me.

*Cel.* But as you bring your power to perſecute me, your Traps to catch mine Innocence to ruin me, as you lay out your Luſts to overwhelm me, Hell never hated good, as I hate you, Sir; and I dare tell it to your Face: What glory

glory now, after all your Conqueſts got, your Titles, the ever-living Memories rais'd to you; Can my defeat be? my poor wrack, What triumph? and when you crown your ſwelling Cups to Fortune, What honourable Tongue can ſing my Story? Be as your Emblem is, a glorious Lamp ſet on the top of all, to light all perfectly: Be as your office is, a god-like Juſtice, into all ſhedding equally your Vertues.

*Ant.* She has drencht me now; now I admire her goodneſs; ſo young, ſo nobly ſtrong, I never taſted: Can nothing in the power of Kings perſwade ye?

*Cel.* No, nor that power command me.

*Ant.* Say I ſhould force ye? *I* have it in my will.

*Cel.* Your Will's a poor one; and though it be a King's Will, a deſpiſed one. Weaker than Infants legs, your Will's in Swadling-Clouts; a thouſand ways my will has found to check ye; a thouſand doors to 'ſcape ye, I dare die, Sir; as ſuddenly I dare die, as you can offer: Nay, ſay you had your Will, ſay you had raviſh'd me, perform'd your luſt, What had you purchas'd by it? What Honour won? Do you know who dwells above, Sir, And what they have prepar'd for Men turn'd Devils? Did you never hear their Thunder? ſtart and tremble, Death ſitting on your blood, when their fires viſit us. VVill nothing wring you then do you think? ſit hard here, and like a Snail curl round about your Conſcience, biting and ſtinging: VVill you not roar too late then? then when you ſhake in horrour of this Villany, then will I riſe a Star in Heaven, and ſcorn ye.

*Ant.* Luſt, how I hate thee now! and love this ſweetneſs: VVill you be my Queen? Can that price purchaſe ye?

*Cel.* Not all the VVorld, I am a Queen already, Crown'd by his Love, *I* muſt not loſe for Fortune; I can give none away, ſell none away, Sir, can lend no love, am not mine own Exchequer; for in anothers heart my hope and peace lies.

*Ant.* Your fair hands, Lady? for yet I am not pure enough to touch theſe Lips, in that ſweet Peace ye ſpoke of. Live now for ever, and I to ſerve your Vertues ——

*Cel.* VVhy now you ſhow a god! now I kneel to ye: This Sacrifice of Virgins Joy ſend to ye: Thus I hold up my hands to Heaven that touch'd ye, and pray eternal Bleſſings dwell about ye.

*Ant.* Vertue commands the Stars: riſe more than Vertue; your preſent comfort ſhall be now my buſineſs.

*Cel.* All my obedient ſervice wait upon ye. (*Ex. ſeverally.*

Scæne 6. *Enter* Leontius, Gentlemen, *and* Lieutenant.

*Leo.* Haſt thou clean forgot the VVars?

*Lieu.* Prithee hold thy peace.

1 *Gent.* His mind's much elevated now.

*Leo.* It ſerves ſo Sirrah.

*Lieu.* I am ſo troubled with this Fellow.

*Leo.* He will call me Rogue anon.

1 *Gent.*

1 *Gent.* 'Tis ten to one elſe.

*Lieu.* O King that thou knew'ſt I lov'd thee, how I lov'd thee, and where, O King, I barrel up thy beauty.

*Leo.* He cannot leave his Sutlers trade, he VVoo's in't.

*Lieu.* O never, King.

*Leo.* By this hand, when I conſider——

*Lieu.* My honeſt friend, you are a little ſawcy.

1 *Gent.* I told ye you would have it.

*Lieu.* VVhen mine own worth——

*Leo.* Is flung into the ballance, and found nothing. [*Aſide.*

*Lieu.* And yet a Soldier. *Leo.* And yet a ſawcy one. [*Aſide.*

*Lieu.* One that has followed thee. *Leo.* Fair and far off. [*Aſide.*

*Lieu.* Fought for thy Grace. *Leo.* 'Twas for ſome grief, you lye Sir. [*Aſide.*

*Lieu.* He's the Son of a Whore denies this: VVill that ſatisfie ye?

*Leo.* Yes, very well.

*Lieu.* Shall then that thing that honours thee? How miſerable a thing ſoever, yet a thing ſtill; And though a thing of nothing, thy thing ever.

*Leo.* Here's a new thing.

2 *Gent.* He's in a deep dump now.

*Leo.* I'll fetch him out on't. VVhen's the King's Birth-day?

*Lieu.* VVhen e're it be, that day I'll dye with Ringing. And there's the reſolution of a Lover. [*Exit.*

*Leo.* A goodly reſolution ſure I take it. He is bewitch'd, or moop'd, or his brains melted; Could he find no body to fall in Love with but the King, the good old King, to doat upon him too? Stay, now I remember, what the Fat Woman warn'd me, bad me remember, and look to him to: I'll hang if ſhe have not a hand in this: he's conjur'd, go after him, I pity the poor Raſcal; In the mean time I'll wait occaſion to work upon the Prince.

2 *Gent.* Pray do that ſeriouſly. (*Exit ſeverally.*

Scæne 7. *Enter* Antigonus, Menippus, Lords.

*Lord.* He's very ill.

*Ant.* I am very ſorry for't, and much aſham'd I have wrong'd his Innocence; *Menippus*, guide her to the Princes Lodgings, there leave her to his love again.

*Men.* I am glad, Sir. *Lord.* He will ſpeak to none.

*Ant.* O I ſhall break that ſilence; Be quick, take fair attendance. (*Exit.*

*Men.* Yes Sir preſently. (*Exit.*

*Ant.* He will find his Tongue, I warrant ye; his health too; I ſend a Phyſick will not fail. (*Exit.*

*Lord.* Fair work it.

*Ant.* We hear the Princes mean to viſit us in way of truce.

*Lord.* 'Tis thought ſo.

*Ant.* Come; let's in then, and think upon the nobleſt ways to meet em. (*Exeunt.*

Scæne

Scæne 8. *Enter* Leontius.

*Leo.* There's no way now to get in: all the Light ſtopt too; nor can I hear a ſound of him, pray Heaven he uſe no violence: I think he has more Soul, ſtronger, and I hope nobler: VVould I could but ſee once this Beauty he groans under, or come to know but any circumſtance. What noiſe is that there? I think I heard him groan: here are ſome coming; a VVoman too, I'll ſtand aloof, and view 'em.

*Enter* Menippus, Celia, Lords.

*Cel.* Well, ſome of you have been to blame in this point, but I forgive ye: The King might have pickt out too ſome fitter VVoman to have tri'd his Valour.

*Men.* 'Twas all to the beſt meant, Lady.

*Cel.* I muſt think ſo, for how to mend it now: he's here you tell me.

*Men.* He's Madam, and the joy to ſee you only will draw him out.

*Leo.* I know that VVomans Tongue, I think I have ſeen her Face too: I'll go nearer: If this be ſhe, he has ſome cauſe of Sorrow: 'Tis the ſame Face; the ſame, moſt excellent VVoman.

*Cel.* This ſhould be Lord *Leontius*: I remember him.

*Leo.* Lady, I think ye know me.

*Cel.* Speak ſoft, good Souldier:
I do, and know ye worthy, know ye Noble;
Know not me yet openly, as you love me;
But let me ſee ye again, I'll ſatisfie ye:
I am wondrous glad to ſee thoſe eyes.

*Leo.* You have charg'd me.

*Cel.* You ſhall know where I am.

*Leo.* I will not off yet: She goes to knock at's Door: This muſt be ſhe the Fellow told me of: right glad I am on't, he will bolt now for certain.

*Cel.* Are ye within Sir? I'll trouble ye no more: I thank your courteſie, pray leave me now.

*All.* VVe reſt your humble Servants. (*Ex.* Me. &c.

*Cel.* So now my gyves are off: Pray Heaven he be here! Maſter, my Royal Sir: Do you hear who calls ye! Love, my *Demetrius*.

*Leo.* Theſe are pretty Quail-pipes, the Cock will Crow anon.

*Cel.* Can ye be drowſie, when I call at your VVindow?

*Leo.* I hear him ſtirring: now he comes wondring out.

*Enter* Demetrius.

*Dem.* 'Tis *Celia's* ſound ſure: the ſweetneſs of that Tongue draws all hearts to it; there ſtands the ſhape too.

*Lieu.* How he ſtares upon her?

*Dem.* Ha? Do mine eyes abuſe me? 'tis ſhe, the living *Celia*: your hand Lady?

*Cel.* VVhat ſhould this mean?

*Dem.* The very ſelf ſame *Celia*.

*Cel.* How do ye Sir?

*Dem.* Only

*Dem.* Only turn'd brave. I heard you were dead my dear one, compleat, She is wondrous brave, a wondrous Gallant Courtier.

*Cel.* How he ſurveys me round? Here has been foul play.

*Dem.* How came ſhe thus?

*Cel.* It was a kind of Death, Sir, I ſuffer'd in your abſence, mew'd up here, and kept conceal'd I know not how.

*Dem.* 'Tis likely: How came you hither *Celia*? wondrous Gallant: Did my Father ſend for ye? *Cel.* So they told me, Sir, and on command too.

*Dem.* I hope you were obedient? *Cel.* I was ſo ever.

*Dem.* And ye were bravely us'd?

*Cel.* I wanted nothing: My Maiden-head to a mote i'th' Sun, he's jealous: I muſt now play the Knave with him, tho' I dye for't, 'tis in my nature.

*Dem.* Her very eyes are alter'd: Jewels, and rich ones too, I never ſaw yet—— And what were thoſe came for ye?

*Cel.* Monſtrous Jealous: Have I liv'd at the rate of theſe ſcorn'd queſtions? they ſeem'd of good ſort, Gentlemen. *Dem.* Kind Men?

*Cel.* They were wondrous kind: I was much beholding to 'em; There was one *Menippus* Sir. *Dem.* Ha?

*Cel.* One *Menippus*, a notable merry Lord, and a good Companion.

*Dem.* And one *Charinthus* too? *Cel.* Yes, there was ſuch a one.

*Dem.* And *Timon*. *Cel.* 'Tis moſt true.

*Dem.* And thou moſt treacherous: my Fathers bawds by——they never miſs courſe; and were theſe daily with ye?

*Cel.* Every hour Sir. *Dem.* And was there not a Lady, a fat Lady?

*Cel.* O yes; a notable good wench. *Dem.* The Devil fetch her.

*Cel.* 'Tis ev'n the merrieſt wench———

*Dem.* Did ſhe keep with ye too?

*Cel.* She was all in all; my bed-fellow, eat with me, brought me acquainted.

*Dem.* You are well known here then?

*Cel.* There is no living here a ſtranger I think.

*Dem.* How came ye by this brave gown?

*Cel.* This is a poor one: alas, I have twenty richer: do you ſee theſe jewels? why, they are the pooreſt things, to thoſe are ſent me, and ſent me hourly too. *Dem.* Is there no modeſtie? on faith in this fair Sex?

*Leo.* What will this prove too? for yet with all my wits, I underſtand not.

*Dem.* Come hither; thou art dead indeed, loſt tainted; all that I left thee fair, and innocent, ſweet as thy youth, and carrying comfort in't; all that I hoped for vertuous, is fled from thee, turn'd back, and bankrupt.

*Leo.* By'r Lady, this cuts ſhrewdly.

*Dem.* Thou art dead, for ever dead; ſins ſurfeit ſlew thee; the ambition of thoſe wanton eyes betrai'd thee; go from me, grave of honour; go thou foul one, thou glory of thy ſin; go thou deſpis'd one, and where there is no vertue, nor no virgin; where Chaſtity was never known, nor heard of; where nothing reigns but impious luſt, and looſer faces. Go thither, child of blood, and ſing my doating.

*Cel.* You do not ſpeak this ſeriouſly I hope Sir; I did but jeſt with you.

*Dem.* Look

*Dem.* Look not upon me, there is more hell in thoſe eyes, than hell harbours; and when they flame, more torments.

*Cel.* Dare ye truſt me? you durſt once even with all you had: your love Sir? by this fair light I am honeſt.

*Dem.* Thou ſubtle *Circe*, caſt not upon the maiden light eclipſes: curſe not the day.

*Cel.* Come, come, you ſhall not do this: how fain you would ſeem angry now, to fright me; you are not in the field among your Enemies; come, I muſt cool this courage.

*Dem.* Out thou impudence, thou ulcer of thy Sex; when *I* firſt ſaw thee, *I* drew into mine eyes mine own deſtruction, *I* pull'd into my heart that ſudden poyſon, that now conſumes my dear content to cinders: *I* am not now *Demetrius*, thou haſt chang'd me; thou woman, with thy thouſand wiles haſt chang'd me; thou Serpent with thy angel-eyes haſt ſlain me; and where, before *I* touch'd on this fair ruine, *I* was a man, and reaſon made, and mov'd me, now one great lump of grief, *I* grow and wander.

*Cel.* And as you are noble, do you think *I* did this?

*Dem.* Put all the Devils wings on, and flie from me.

*Cel.* *I* will go from ye, never more to ſee ye: *I* will flie from ye, as a plague hangs o're me; and through the progreſs of my life hereafter; where ever *I* ſhall find a fool, a falſe man, one that ne're knew the worth of poliſh'd vertue; a baſe ſuſpecter of a virgins honour, a child that flings away the wealth he cry'd for, him will I call *Demetrius*: that fool *Demetrius*, that mad man a *Demetrius*; and that falſe man, the Prince of broken faiths, even Prince *Demetrius*. You think now, I ſhould cry, and kneel down to ye, petition for my peace; let thoſe that feel here the weight of evil, wait for ſuch a favour, I am above your hate, as far above it, in all the actions of an innocent life, as the pure Stars are from the muddy meteors, cry when you know your folly: howl and curſe then, beat that unmanly breaſt, that holds a falſe heart, when ye ſhall come to know, whom ye have flung from ye.

*Dem.* Pray ye ſtay a little.

*Cel.* Not your hopes can alter me. Then let a thouſand black-thoughts muſter in ye, and with thoſe enter in a thouſand doatings; thoſe eyes be never ſhut, but drop to nothing: my innocence for ever haunt and fright ye: thoſe arms together grow in folds; that tongue, that bold bad tongue that barks out theſe diſgraces. When you ſhall come to know how nobly vertuous *I* have preſerv'd my life, rot, rot within ye.

*Dem.* What ſhall *I* do?

*Cel.* Live a loſt man for ever. Go ask your Fathers conſcience what I ſuffered, and through what ſeas of hazards I ſayl'd through: mine honour ſtill advanced in ſpight of tempeſts, then take your leave of love; and confeſs freely, you were never worthy of this heart that ſerv'd ye, and ſo farewel ungratefull—— *Exit.*

*Dem.* Is ſhe gone?

*Leo.* I'le follow her, and will find out this matter.—— *Exit.*

*Enter* Antigonus, *and* Lords.

*Ant.* Are ye pleas'd now? have you got your heart again? have I reſtor'd ye that?

*Dem.* Sir even for Heaven ſake, and ſacred truth ſake, tell me how ye found her.

*Ant.* I will, and in few words. Before *I* try'd her, 'tis true, I thought her moſt unfit her fellowſhip, and fear'd her too: which fear begot that ſtory I told ye firſt: but ſince, like gold I toucht her.

*Dem.* And how dear Sir?

*Ant.* Heavens holy light's not purer: the conſtancy and goodneſs of all women that ever liv'd, to win the names of worthy, this noble Maid has doubled in her: honour, all promiſes of wealth, all art to win her, and by all tongues imploy'd, wrought as much on her as one may do upon the Sun at noon day by lighting Candles up: her ſhape is heavenly, and to that heavenly ſhape her thoughts are angels.

*Dem.* Why did you tell me Sir?

*Ant.* 'Tis true, I err'd in't: but ſince I made a full proof of her vertue, I find a King too poor a ſervant for her. Love her, and honour her; in all obſerve her. She muſt be ſomething more than time yet tells her: and certain I believe him beſt, enjoyes her: I would not loſe the hope of ſuch a Daughter, to add another Empire to my honour.—— *Exit.*

*Dem.* O wretched ſtate! to what end ſhall *I* turn me? and where begins my penance? now, what ſervice will win her love again? my death muſt do it: and if that ſacrifice can purge my follies, be pleas'd, O mighty Love, I dye thy ſervant—— *Exit.*

---

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*Enter* Leontius, *and* Celia.

*Leo.* I Know he do's not deſerve ye; h'as us'd you poorly: and to redeem himſelf——

*Cel.* Redeem?

*Leo.* *I* know it—— there's no way left.

*Cel.* For Heavens ſake do not Name him, do not think on him, Sir, he's ſo far from me in all my thoughts now, methinks I never knew him.

*Leo.* But yet I would ſee him again.

*Cel.* No, never, never.

*Leo.* I do not mean to lend him any comfort; but to afflict him, ſo to torture him; that even his very Soul may ſhake within him; to make him know, though he be great and powerful, 'tis not within his aim to deal diſhonourably, and carry it off, and with a Maid of your ſort.

*Cel.* I muſt confeſs, I could moſt ſpightfully afflict him; now, now, I could whet my anger at him; now, arm'd with bitterneſs, I could ſhoot through him; *I* long to vex him.

*Leo.* And

*Leo.* And do it home, and bravely.

*Cel.* Were *I* a Man?

*Leo.* *I*'ll help that weakneſs in ye: I honour ye, and ſerve ye.

*Cel.* Not only to diſclaim me, when he had ſeal'd his Vowes in Heaven, ſworn to me, and poor believing I became his ſervant: but moſt maliciouſly to brand my Credit, ſtain my poor Name.

*Leo.* I would not ſuffer it: ſee him I would again, and to his teeth too: Od's precious, *I* would ring him ſuch a Leſſon——

*Cel.* I have done that already.

*Leo.* Nothing, nothing: It was too poor a purge; beſides, by this time he has found his fault, and feels the Hells that follow it. That, and your urg'd on anger to the higheſt, why, 'twill be ſuch a ſtroak——

*Cel.* Say he repent then, and ſeek with tears to ſoften, I am a Woman; a Woman that have lov'd him, Sir, have honour'd him: *I* am no more.

*Leo.* Why, you may deal thereafter.

*Cel.* If I forgive him, I am loſt.

*Leo.* Hold there then, the ſport will be to what a poor ſubmiſſion—— but keep you ſtrong.

*Cel.* I would not ſee him.

*Leo.* Yes, you ſhall ring his Knell.

*Cel.* How if I kill him?

*Leo.* Kill him? why let him dye.

*Cel.* I know 'tis fit ſo. But why ſhould I that lov'd him once, deſtroy him? O had he ſcap't this ſin, what a brave Gentleman——

*Leo.* I muſt confeſs, had this not faln, a nobler, a handſomer, the whole VVorld had not ſhow'd ye: And to his making ſuch a mind——

*Cel.* Tis certain: But all this I muſt now forget.

*Leo.* You ſhall not if I have any art: go up ſweet Lady, and truſt my truth.

*Cel.* But good Sir bring him not.

*Leo.* I would not for the honour ye are born to, but you ſhall ſee him, and neglect him too, and ſcorn him.

*Cel.* You will be near me then.

*Leo.* I will be with ye; yet there's ſome hope to ſtop this gap, I'll work hard. [*Exit.*

Scæne 2. *Enter* Antigonus, Menip. *two* Gent. Lieutenant, *and* Lords.

*Ant.* But is it poſſible this Fellow took it?

2 *Gent.* It ſeems ſo by the violence it wrought with, yet now the fits ev'n off.

*Men.* I beſeech your Grace.

*Ant.* Nay, *I* forgive thy Wife with all my heart, and am right-glad ſhe drank it not her ſelf, and more glad that the vertuous Maid eſcap't it, I would not for the VVorld 'thad hit: but that this Souldier, Lord how he looks, that he ſhould take this Vomit; Can he make Rimes too?

2 *Gent.* H'as made a thouſand, Sir, and playes the burthen to 'em on a Jews-trump.

*Ant.* He looks as though he were Bepiſt: Do you love me Sir?

*Lieu.* Yes ſurely even with all my heart.

*Ant.* I thank ye; I am glad I have ſo good a ſubject: But pray ye tell me, How much did ye love me, before ye drank this matter?

*Lieu.* Even as much as a ſober Man might; and a Souldier that your Grace owes juſt half a years pay to.

*Ant.* Well remembred; And did I ſeem ſo young and amiable to ye?

*Lieu.* Methought you were the ſweeteſt youth——

*Ant.* That's excellent.

*Lieu.* *I* truly Sir: and ever as *I* thought on ye, *I* wiſhed, and wiſhed---

*Ant.* What didſt thou wiſh prithee?

*Lieu.* Lv'n, that *I* had been a Wench of Fifteen for ye, a handſom Wench Sir.

*Ant.* Why? God a Mercy Souldier: *I* ſeem not ſo now to thee.

*Lieu.* Not all out: and yet *I* have a grudging to your Grace ſtill.

*Ant.* Thou waſt never in love before.

*Lieu.* Not with a King, and hope I ſhall never be again: Truly Sir, *I* have had ſuch plunges, and ſuch bickrings, and as it were ſuch runnings atilt within me, for whatſoever it was provok't me toward ye.

*Ant.* God a-mercy ſtill

*Lieu.* I had it with a vengeance, it plaid his prize.

*Ant.* *I* would not have been a wench then, though of this age.

*Lieu.* No ſure, *I* ſhould have ſpoil'd ye.

*Ant.* Well, go thy ways, of all the luſty lovers that e're *I* ſaw——wilt have another potion?

*Lieu.* If you will be another thing, have at ye.

*Ant.* Ha, ha, ha: give me thy hand, from henceforth thou art my ſouldier, do bravely, I'll love thee as much.

*Lieu.* *I* thank ye; but if you were mine enemy, *I* would not wiſh it ye: *I* beſeech your Grace, pay me my charge.

2 *Gent.* That's certain Sir; h'as bought up all that e're he found was like ye, or any thing you have lov'd, that he could purchaſe; old horſes, that your Grace has ridden blind, and foundr'd; dogs, rotten kawks, and which is more than all this, has worn your Graces Gauntlet in his Bonnet.

*Ant.* Bring in your Bills: mine own love ſhall be ſatisfi'd; and ſarrah, for this potion you have taken, I'll point ye out a portion ye ſhall live on.

*Men.* 'Twas the beſt draught that e're ye drunk.

*Lieu.* *I* hope ſo.

*Ant.* Are the Princes come toth' Court?

*Men.* They are all, and lodg'd Sir.

*Ant.* Come then, make ready for their entertainment, which preſently we'l give; wait you on me Sir.

*Lieu.* *I* ſhall love drink the better whilſt *I* live boyes. *Exeunt.*

Scæne

Scæne 3. *Enter* Demetrius, *and* Leontius.

*Dem.* Let me but ſee her, dear *Leontius*; let me but dye before her.

*Leo.* Would that would do it: if *I* knew where ſhe lay now, with what honeſty, you having flung ſo main a miſchief on her, and on ſo innocent and ſweet a Beauty, dare *I* preſent your viſit?

*Dem.* *I*'ll repent all: and with the greateſt ſacrifice of ſorrow, that ever Lover made.

*Leo.* 'Twill be too late Sir: *I* know not what will become of you.

*Dem.* You can help me?

*Leo.* *It* may be to her ſight: What are you nearer? She has Sworn ſhe will not ſpeak to ye, look upon ye, and to Love ye again, O ſhe cries out, and thunders, ſhe had rather love——there is no hope——

*Dem.* Yes *Leontius*, there is a hope, which though it draw no Love to it, at leaſt will draw her to lament my fortune, and that hope ſhall relieve me.

*Leo.* Hark ye Sir, hark ye: ſay *I* ſhould bring ye——

*Dem.* Do not trifle with me?

*Leo.* *I* will not trifle; both together bring ye, you know the wrongs ye' done. *Dem.* *I* do confeſs 'em.

*Leo.* And if you ſhould then jump into your fury, and have another Querk in your head. *Dem.* *I*'ll dye firſt.

*Leo.* You muſt ſay nothing to her; for 'tis certain, the nature of your crime will admit to excuſe.

*Dem.* *I* will not ſpeak, mine eyes ſhall tell my Penance.

*Leo.* You muſt look wondrous ſad too.

*Dem.* I need not look ſo, I am truly ſadneſs ſelf.

*Leo.* That look will do it: ſtay here, *I*'ll bring her to you inſtantly: but take heed how you bear your ſelf: ſit down there, the more humble you are, the more ſhe'll take compaſſion. Women are per'lous thing to deal upon. [*Exit.*

*Dem.* What ſhall become of me? to curſe my fortune were but to curſe my Father; that's too impious; but under whatſoever fate *I* ſuffer, bleſs *I* beſeech thee, Heaven, her harmleſs goodneſs.

*Enter* Leontius, *and* Celia.

*Leo.* Now arm your ſelf. *Cel.* You have not brought him?

*Leo.* Yes Faith, and there he is: you ſee in what poor plight too, now you may do your will, kill him, or ſave him.

*Cel.* I will go back.

*Leo.* I will be hang'd then Lady, Are ye a Coward now?

*Cel.* I cannot ſpeak to him. *Dem.* O me.

*Leo.* There was a Sigh to blow a Church down; So, now their eyes are fixt, the Small-ſhot plays, they will come toth' Battery anon.

*Cel.* He weeps extreamly.

*Leo.* Rail at him now. *Cel.* I dare not.

*Leo.* *I* am glad on't. *Cel.* Nor dare believe his Tears.

*Dem.* You may, bleſt Beauty, for thoſe thick ſtreams that troubled my Repentance, are crept out long ago.

*Leo.* You

*Leo.* You ſee how he looks.

*Cel.* What have I to do how he looks? How lookt he then, when with a poiſon'd Tooth he bit mine honour? It was your Counſel too, to ſcorn and ſlight him.

*Leo.* I, if ye ſaw fit cauſe; and you confeſt too, except this ſin, he was the braveſt Gentleman, the ſweeteſt, nobleſt. I take nothing from ye, nor from your anger; uſe him as you pleaſe: for to ſay truth, he has deſerv'd your Juſtice; but ſtill conſider what he has been to you.

*Cel.* Pray do not blind me thus.

*Dem.* O Gentle Miſtriſs, If there were any way to expiate a ſin ſo great as mine, by interceſſion, by prayers, by daily tears, by dying for ye: O what a joy would cloſe theſe eyes that love ye.

*Leo.* They ſay Women have tender hearts, I know not, I am ſure mine melts.

*Cel.* Sir, I forgive ye heartily,
And all your wrong to me I caſt behind me,
And wiſh ye a fit beauty to your Vertues:
Mine is too poor, in peace I thus part from you:
I muſt look back: gods keep your grace: he's here ſtill. [*Exit.*

*Dem.* She has forgiven me.

*Leo.* She has directed ye: Up, up, and follow like a Man: away Sir, She lookt behind her twice: her heart dwells here Sir, ye drew tears from her too: ſhe cannot freeze thus; the Door's ſet open too, Are ye a Man? are ye alive? Do ye underſtand her meaning? Have ye blood and ſpirit in ye?

*Dem.* I dare not trouble her.

*Leo.* Nay, and you will be nipt i'th' head with nothing,
Walk whining up and down; I dare not, I cannot:
Strike now or never: faint heart, you know what Sir——
Be govern'd by your fear, and quench your fire out.
A Devil on't, ſtands this door ope for nothing?
So get ye together, and be naught: now to ſecure all,
Will I go fetch out a more ſoveraign Plaiſter. [*Exeunt.*

Scæne 4. *Enter* Antigonus, Seleucus, Lyſimachus, Ptolomy, Lieutenant, Gentlemen, Lords.

*Ant.* This peace is fairly made.

*Seleu.* Would your Grace wiſh us to put in more: take what you pleaſe, we yield it; the honour done us by your Son conſtrains it, your noble Son.

*Ant.* It is ſufficient, Princes; and now we are one again, one mind, one body, and one ſword ſhall ſtrike for us.

*Lyſ.* Let Prince *Demetrius* but lead us on: for we are his vowed ſervants; againſt the ſtrength of all the World we'll buckle.

*Ptol.* And even from all that ſtrength we'll catch at Victory.

*Sel.* O had I now recover'd but the fortune I loſt in *Antioch*, when mine Unckle periſh'd; but that were but to ſurfeit me with bleſſings.

*Lyſ.* You loſt a ſweet Child there.

*Sel.* Name

*Sel.* Name it no more Sir; this is no time to entertain ſuch ſorrows; Will your Majeſty do us the honour, we may ſee the Prince, and wait upon him?

*Ant.* I wonder he ſtays from us: [*Enter* Leon.
How now *Leonitus*, Where's my Son?

*Sel.* Brave Captain. *Lyſ.* Old valiant Sir.

*Leo.* Your Graces are welcome: your ſon and't pleaſe you Sir, is new caſhiered yonder, caſt from his Miſtris favour: and ſuch a coil there is; ſuch ſending, and ſuch proying; ſhe ſtands off, and will by no means yield to compoſition: he offers any price; his body to her.

*Sel* She is a hard Lady, denyes that caution.

*Leo.* And now they whine, and now they rave: faith Princes, 'twere a good point of charity to piece 'em; for leſs than ſuch a power will do juſt nothing: and if you mean to ſee him, there it muſt be, for there will he grow, till he be tranſplanted.

*Sel.* Beſeech your grace, let's wait upon you thither, that I may ſee that beauty dares deny him, that ſcornful beauty.

*Ptol.* I ſhould think it worſe now; ill brought up beauty.

*Ant.* She has too much reaſon for't; which with too great a grief, I ſhame to think of, but we'll go ſee this game.

*Lyſ.* Rather this wonder.

*Ant.* Be you our guide *Leontius*, here's a new peace. *Exit.*

Scæne 5. *Enter* Demetrius *and* Celia.

*Cel.* Thus far you ſhall perſwade me, ſtill to honour ye, ſtill to live with ye, Sir, or near about ye; for not to lye, you have my firſt and laſt love: but ſince you have conceiv'd an evil againſt me, an evil that ſo much concerns your honour, that honour aim'd by all at for a pattern: and though there be a falſe thought, and confeſt too, and much repentance faln in ſhowrs to purge it; yet, whileſt that great reſpect I ever bore ye, dwells in my blood, and in my heart that duty; had it but been a dream, I muſt not touch ye.

*Dem.* O you will make ſome other happy?

*Cel.* Never, upon this hand I'll ſeal that faith.

*Dem.* We may kiſs, put not thoſe out o'th' peace too.

*Cel.* Thoſe I'll give ye, ſo there you will be pleas'd to pitch your *ne ultra*, I will be merry with ye; ſing, diſcourſe with ye, be your poor Miſtriſs ſtill: in truth I love ye.

*Enter* Leontius, Antigonus, Seleucus, Lyſimachus, Ptolomie, Lieutenant, *and* Gentleman.

*Dem.* Stay, who are theſe?

*Lyſ.* A very handſome Lady.

*Leo.* As e're you ſaw.

*Sel.* Pity her heart's ſo cruel.

*Lyſ.* How does your Grace? he ſtands ſtill, will not hear us.

*Ptol.* We come to ſerve ye, Sir, in all our fortunes.

*Lyſ.* He bows a little now; he's ſtrangely alter'd.

*Sel.* Ha? pray ye a word *Leontius*, pray a word with ye, *Lyſimachus*?

you

you both knew mine *Enanthe*, I loſt in *Antioch*, when the Town was taken, mine Uncle ſlain, *Antigonus* had the ſack on't?

*Lyſ.* Yes, I remember well the Girl.

*Sel.* Methinks now that face is wondrous like her: I have her picture, the ſame, but more years on her; the very ſame.

*Lyſ.* A Cherry to a Cherry is not liker.

*Sel.* Sook on her eyes.

*Leo.* Moſt certain ſhe is like her: many a time have I dandled her in theſe arms, Sir, and I hope who will more.

*Ant.* What's that ye look at, Princes?

*Sel.* This Picture, and that Lady, Sir.

*Ant.* Ha! they are near: they only err in time.

*Lyſ.* Did you mark that bluſh there? that came the neareſt.

*Sel.* I muſt ſpeak to her.

*Leo.* You'll quickly be reſolved.

*Sel.* Your name ſweet Lady?

*Cel.* *Enanthe*, Sir: and this to beg your bleſſing.

*Sel.* Do you know me?

*Cel.* If you be the King *Seleucus*, I know you are my Father.

*Sel.* Peace a little, where did I loſe ye?

*Cel.* At the Sack of *Antioch*, where my good Uncle dy'd, and I was taken, by a mean Souldier taken: by this Prince, this noble Prince, redeem'd from him again, where ever ſince I have remain'd his Servant.

*Sel.* My joys are now too full: welcome *Enanthe*, mine own, my deareſt, and my beſt *Enanthe*. *Dem.* And mine too deſperate.

*Sel.* You ſhall not think ſo, this is a peace indeed.

*Ant.* I hope it ſhall be, and ask it firſt. *Cel.* Moſt Royal Sir, ye have it.

*Dem.* I once more beg it thus. *Sel.* You muſt not be deny'd, Sir.

*Cel.* By me, I am ſure he muſt not: ſure he ſhall not; kneeling I give it too; kneeling I take it; and from this hour, no envious ſpight e're part us.

*All.* The gods give happy joyes; all comforts to ye. *Dem.* My new *Enanthe*.

*Ant.* Come, beat all the Drumes up, and all the noble inſtruments of War: let 'em fill all the Kingdom with their ſounds: and thoſe the brazen Arch of Heaven break through, while to the Temple we conduct theſe two.

*Leo.* May they be ever loving, ever young, and ever worthy of thoſe lines they ſprung; may their fair iſſues walk with time along.

*Lieu.* And hang a Coward now; and there's my ſong. *Exeunt*

*FINIS.*